FEBRUARY 11, 1985 • $1.95

NEW YORK INTELLECTUALS, R

Inauguration II: Ronnie and the Rat Pack

ADAM ULAM: IT'S NOT THE FAULTA' YALTA • KENNETH ADELMAN: MY LIFE AS A BIGSHOT

THE NEW REPUBLIC

AMBASSADOR COLLEGE LIBRARY
Display Copy
AMBASSADOR COLLEGE LIBRAR

UCY 0596
AEMBAA300WESI4 05 NP SEP86
EMBASSADER COLLEGE LIBR
300 WEST GREEN ST
PASADENA CA 91129

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CORRESPONDENCE

DON'T BEAM ME UP

To the editors:

It seems to me that President Reagan's Star Wars plan is an illusion for more reasons than those mentioned by Charles Krauthammer ("Will Star Wars Kill Arms Control?" TNR, January 21). Under the plan, incoming nuclear missiles are to be destroyed by some nonnuclear means, perhaps a laser beam. All nuclear devices contain radioactive material. When these nuclear missiles encounter a beam in space they are also detonated, giving off lethal gamma radiation. Two things can occur when the gamma radiation is released. Either the particles of the destroyed missile will become radioactive and fallout will result upon the land area under which the missile destruction occurred, or the gamma radiation, being in the upper atmosphere, can destroy the ozone layer. In either case, the population would definitely not be protected from the dangers of nuclear war. The striking of a missile by a radar beam will not cause the radioactivity to disappear.

HERBERT E. STEINGASS
Chesterland, Ohio

CREWS NEWS

To the editors:

Frederick Crews does an admirable job in demolishing the scientific pretentions of psychoanalysis ("The Future Of An Illusion," TNR, January 21). It has always been foolish for the analytic profession to claim scientific status. I doubt, however, that psychoanalysis will be so easily disposed of—as Crews seems to imagine it will—by exposing its unscientific character. Surely Crews, as an English professor, would agree that there are ways of discovering truth other than the strictly objective and scientific. What of aesthetic and intuitive, personal and relational, and religious truth—of all the "reasons of the heart"? It is in the realms of the personal and "existential," the relational and "intersubjective," that the truth of psychoanalysis may be found.

MARC ROGERS
Scranton, Kansas

To the editors:

Frederick Crews's article on Freud was very welcome indeed. That Freud was ever accepted as a scientist is one of our century's great mistakes. So many persons' lives have been injured through Freud and his false ideas about humanity. My one complaint with an otherwise fine article is that Crews makes no mention of the greatest of Freud's critics, the philosopher Eli Siegel, who, as early as the 1940s wrote and lectured extensively on the failure of psychoanalysis as science. One can look, for instance, at his book *Self and World: An Explanation of Aesthetic Realism*. Crews praises various recent authors for their questioning of Freud's concept of repression; yet in *Self and World*, Eli Siegel not only questioned it, he showed its falsity and presented an alternative view of the self, based on aesthetics, which succeeds where Freud failed.

EDWARD GREEN
New York, New York

To the editors:

Frederick Crews's assertions about the unscientific basis of Freudian psychoanalysis are ironic in view of a January 7 *Newsweek* article about neuroscientific evidence confirming key Freudian theories of metapsychology. But then Professor Crews, like Professor Grünbaum (whose book Crews favors) declines to attack what he calls "the fat target of Freudian metapsychology" but rather concentrates on the Freudians' inability to provide convincing clinical evidence that their purported cure really works. Yet it is precisely Crews's and Grünbaum's avoidance of Freudian metapsychology that leads Crews to the premature and erroneous conclusion that Freudian phrases will soon go the way of "in a bad humor," as an explanatory terminology.

Professor Crews pauses parenthetically to deride Freudian metapsychology as "the Wagnerian theory of warring instincts and the evocative but gratuitous division of the mind into id, ego, and superego." Crews seems to miss the main point: that the mythic dynamism of Freudian theory explains a good part of its curative power. Of course Freudian psychoanalysts cannot provide "eliminative inductive" evi-

continued on page 42

Good things come to those who stay on The Hill.
At the new Sheraton Grand, you'll be surrounded by good things. Marble from Italy. Silk from the Orient. And original works of art. But even more will come to you—personally. A welcoming glass of champagne. A robe as soft as lamb's wool. A cordial with your turn down service. Anything... from barbells to a personal computer can be yours upon request.
Now, all sorts of Grand things can come of a business trip to Washington. For reservations call toll free (800) 325 3535.
The Sheraton Grand
on Capitol Hill
525 NEW JERSEY AVE., N.W. AT CAPITOL PLACE WASH., D.C. 20001 202 628 2100
SHERATON HOTELS, INNS & RESORTS WORLDWIDE

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE NEW REPUBLIC

FOUNDED 1914 — *A Weekly Journal of Opinion* — ISSUE 3,656

WASHINGTON, D.C. — FEBRUARY 11, 1985

Editor-in-Chief and President
MARTIN PERETZ

Editor
MICHAEL KINSLEY
Literary Editor
LEON WIESELTIER
Executive Editor
MORTON M. KONDRACKE
Senior Editors
ANN HULBERT, CHARLES KRAUTHAMMER
Managing Editor
DOROTHY WICKENDEN
Associate Editor
JEFFERSON MORLEY
New Republic Books Editor
(Holt, Rinehart and Winston)
STEVE WASSERMAN
Films — STANLEY KAUFFMANN
Theater — ROBERT BRUSTEIN
Music — EDWARD ROTHSTEIN
Poetry — ROBERT PINSKY
Contributing Editors
ABRAHAM BRUMBERG, ROBERT COLES, HENRY FAIRLIE, JOSEPH FEATHERSTONE, JAMES K. GLASSMAN, HENDRIK HERTZBERG, JOHN KEEGAN, ROBERT KUTTNER, NATHAN LEWIN, R.W.B. LEWIS, MARK CRISPIN MILLER, WILLIAM J. QUIRK, ROBERT B. REICH, PAUL ROBINSON, MAGGIE SCARF, RONALD STEEL, RICHARD L. STROUT, E.V. THAW, ANNE TYLER, NICHOLAS VON HOFFMAN, MICHAEL WALZER, C. VANN WOODWARD
National Political Correspondent
SIDNEY BLUMENTHAL
Staff Writer
CHUCK LANE
Editorial-Corporate Coordinator
LAURA E. OBOLENSKY
Assistant to the Editors
NANCY E. MILLER
Production Manager
PATRICIA A. HOPPER
Assistant Production Manager
MARGERY MERTINS
Production Associates
HILARY M. KANTER, BRUCE STEINKE
Reporter-Researchers
DAVID A. BELL, ANTONY J. BLINKEN, TERENCE MORAN, AMY E. SCHWARTZ

Publisher
JEFFREY L. DEARTH
Associate Publisher
REED PHILLIPS
Controller
J. KRISTINE KLASMAN
Advertising Manager
JOAN M. STAPLETON
Circulation Director
TOM HICKS
Circulation Manager
GENE SITTENFELD
Assistant to the Controller
LIVIA ARNAIZ
Circulation Assistant
ROBIN CHERRY
Assistant to the Advertising Manager
CATHERINE SCHILLING
Accounting Assistant
LYNN J. CLEMENT
Leadership Network Advertising
ROBERT F. SENNOTT JR.
Back Issues and Reception
CATHI E. STALLINGS

2 **CORRESPONDENCE** ..... On Star Wars, Freud's importance, apartheid, &c.

4 **TRB FROM WASHINGTON** ..... KNOCKING OPPORTUNITY

5 **THE EDITORS** ..... BUST OPEC NOW
It's time to liberate the oil market.
NOTEBOOK

6 **MORTON KONDRACKE** ..... WHITE HOUSE WATCH: FULL SPEED AHEAD
Reagan's momentum restored.

8 **GUY GUGLIOTTA** ..... THE GUERRILLA TAMER
What Duarte can learn from his Colombian colleague.

11 **KENNETH ADELMAN** ..... THIS IS THE LIFE
A cheerful public servant bares all.

11 **NICHOLAS VON HOFFMAN** ..... WASHINGTON SCENE: UNDER ARREST
Lowell Weicker in bondage.

14 **ALEX HEARD** ..... FRANKIE AND RONNIE
The Rat Pack comes to Washington.

16 **ANTONY J. BLINKEN** ..... AS 'LE MONDE' TURNS
The collapse of France's best newspaper.

18 **ADAM B. ULAM** ..... FORTY YEARS AFTER YALTA
Eastern Europe wasn't conquered in a week.

21 **LEON WIESELTIER** ..... BROTHERS AND KEEPERS
The rescue of Ethiopian Jews reaffirms the political truth and moral urgency of Zionism.

24 **STANLEY KAUFFMANN** ..... ON FILMS: REGRETS
Herzog's *Where the Green Ants Dream* is a disaster.

25 **LEON BOTSTEIN** ..... BALANCING THE BOOKS
To Reclaim a Legacy: A Report on the Humanities in Higher Education by William J. Bennett

28 **DENNIS WRONG** ..... THE BRAINY BUNCH
The Intellectual Follies by Lionel Abel
The Liberal Mind in a Conservative Age by Richard H. Pells
Partisan Review, 50th Anniversary Issue

31 **PAUL KENNEDY** ..... BOOM BUSINESS
For the Common Defense by Allan R. Millett and Peter Maslowski

33 **CLARENCE BROWN** ..... JANGLING MAN
Who is to Blame? by Alexander Herzen

35 **G. W. BOWERSOCK** ..... DIVINE MIGHT
Rituals and Power by S.R.F. Price
Beloved and God by Royston Lambert

36 **DEBORA GREGER** ..... POEM *Long Island Real Estate: Great Neck*

38 **CHUCK LANE** ..... CHURLS JUST WANT TO HAVE FUN
Poisoned Ivy by Benjamin Hart

39 **SVEN BIRKERTS** ..... RECONSIDERATION: OGRES AND ORACLES
Michel Tournier, perverse or visionary?

43 **WASHINGTON DIARIST** ..... PUBLIC PLEAS

COVER by Marilyn Worseldine for THE NEW REPUBLIC. Photo by Sygma.

THE NEW REPUBLIC, Vol. 192, Number 6, Issue 3,656, February 11, 1985. (Printed on January 23, 1985.) Published weekly (except for combined issues dated Jan. 7 & 14, July 15 & 22, Aug. 12 & 19, and Sept. 16 & 23, 1985) at 1220 19th Street, NW, Washington, DC 20036. Telephone (202) 331-7494. Leadership Network advertising (212) 684-5500. Yearly subscriptions, $48; foreign, $73; Canada, $60. Back issues, $2.50 (includes postage & handling).

©1985 by The New Republic, Inc.

(ISSN 0028-6583). Second-class postage paid at Washington, DC. Indexed in Readers' Guide, Media Review Digest. Available on microfilm from University Microfilms Intnl., 300 N. Zeeb Road, Ann Arbor, MI 48106 and Bell & Howell, Old Mansfield Road, Wooster, OH 44691. Member, Audit Bureau of Circulations. Unsolicited manuscripts can be returned only if accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope. **Subscribers:** Please send all remittances, changes of address, and subscription inquiries to **Subscription Service Dept., The New Republic, P.O. Box 955, Farmingdale, NY 11737-0001.** For subscription problems call **800-645-9559** (In N.Y. State call 800-732-9119).

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TRB®

FROM WASHINGTON

KNOCKING OPPORTUNITY

President Reagan used the magic words in his inaugural address. "Let us resolve," he said, "that we, the people, will build an American opportunity society. . . ." You will be hearing more of this phrase. It is the verbal fraternity handshake of the Jack Kemp-Newt Gingrich wing of the Republican Party. Although it is beautifully evocative standing alone, it also stands for a detailed policy agenda and a concrete political strategy. Until a few months ago, the term was "conservative opportunity society." But part of the strategy is to avoid tipping your hand, so the name was changed. Reagan's adoption of the phrase (he used it at the Republican Convention, too) is a good sign that this is where the party is heading, which is a good sign personally for Kemp.

The policy agenda is lower taxes (of course); lower interest rates by curtailing the freedom of the Federal Reserve Board, in order to prevent the Volcker devil from squeezing the money supply; lower inflation through a gold standard; and growth, growth, growth. This differs from the classic Republican formula primarily in what it's missing. There is no talk of budget cuts or curtailing social programs. But the loose money, anti-Fed rhetoric also is new. (As recently as 1980, the Republican platform called for reaffirming the independence of the Fed.) New also is an eager effort to spot particular issues on which Republicans can reach out to the various components of the old Democratic coalition. A recent example was an open letter from the Opportunists—if we may call them that for short—to the South African ambassador, protesting apartheid.

The goal, obviously, is to make the Republicans the true majority party. The political strategy, in a nutshell, is to be the bearer of no bad news for anyone. No cuts in anyone's favorite government programs. No tight money that dries up business. Lower taxes for all. Painless prosperity. Opportunity, indeed.

To a Democrat, this all sounds terrifyingly good. The theme of "opportunity" is magnificent, implying prosperity and freedom at the same time, and the specifics are hard to beat. Especially when you have neither a theme nor any specifics of your own. Oh, there are plenty of handsome Democratic pols with hair just as fluffy as Kemp's. But you can't beat a set of ideas with hair spray alone. All the leading fluff-head Democrats are either vaguely conservative, or just conservative, or just vague.

But there are a few problems with the "opportunity society" agenda. First, as a matter of economic policy, it isn't serious and can't work. We cannot cut taxes, not cut spending, and grow our way out of the federal deficit. The "opportunity society" is essentially a variation on the old Laffer Curve theory of the free lunch. Tax cuts were supposed to reduce the federal deficit, not increase it. The deficits that weren't supposed to happen are now said not to matter because growth will take care of them. The free lunch, in other words, comes later. Meanwhile, just eat and charge it.

There is a Peter Pan quality to Opportunist rhetoric, as if the only thing keeping us from enjoying six percent growth is the Congressional Budget Office's tiresome prediction that growth will be three percent. If we all close our eyes and say we *do* believe in six percent growth, we will have it. Likewise, if we all say we don't believe in the bad old Phillips Curve—which suggests a trade-off between avoiding inflation and avoiding recession—the Phillips Curve will go away. Just like that. The notion that a gold standard can guard against recession without the pain of tight money is simple charlatanry, since the gold standard *is* tight money.

In a world of perpetual growth without pain, questions of fairness and social justice need not arise. The haves needn't sacrifice and the have-nots will be succored in due course. It's only in the real world that choices must be made. Whose government benefits must be cut and whose taxes should rise so that the prosperity we enjoy can be preserved and extended? If permanent prosperity for all is not imminent, what provisions does society owe to those on whom, for whatever reason, "opportunity" has not descended?

Opportunism is also politically demagogic. Who is this straw man who doesn't believe in growth and prosperity? Perhaps some Democratic policies were either explicitly or implicitly antigrowth, but this strain of thought—always exaggerated by critics—has been well and truly abandoned by Democrats and liberals. (Just as opposition to basic civil rights, Social Security, Medicare, and so on has been well and truly abandoned by most conservatives and Republicans.) The question is how best to achieve the growth that everybody wants, and here once again is where the equity issue arises that Opportunists would like to evade. Which policies advanced in the name of growth actually provide new opportunities, and which ones simply enhance present good fortune?

Finally, Opportunism is unpatriotic. That's right. Despite Reagan's constant flag-waving, despite Kemp's constant invoking of John F. Kennedy, patriotism Opportunity-style is all a matter of "what your country can do for you," without a trace of "what you can do for your country." You don't have to pay taxes, you don't have to obey regulations, you don't have to give up unreasonable government benefits, all you have to do is tend your own garden. The Opportunity Republicans, for all their defense-mindedness, even oppose the draft.

During the recent election, when Walter Mondale proposed to solve a serious national problem—the federal deficit—by calling for the sacrifice of no more than $100 per family for the vast majority of Americans, the Opportunists carried on as if this was an outrageous imposition on the citizenry, and managed to convince the citizenry that indeed it was. They have helped to create a political atmosphere in which politicians dread to propose anything that requires the least degree of sacrifice or communal feeling on the part of their constituents.

Fine, let's have an "opportunity society." It sounds great. But for a start, how about a little less emphasis on "opportunity" and a little more emphasis on "society"?

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE NEW REPUBLIC
FEBRUARY 11, 1985

BUST OPEC NOW

OPEC is on the ropes. The cartel's enormous 1973 and 1979 price increases made oil producers rich in the short run, but made a decline in the demand for oil inevitable in the long run. Now the long run has arrived. Since 1981 there has been a glut on the world oil market. OPEC is charging $29 per barrel of oil, $5 less than what it charged in 1981, but no one now will pay that price. Saudi Arabia is gamely trying to keep the cartel alive by cutting its own production (by 70 percent in the last four years), but other members of the cartel are madly underselling each other in an effort to capture what business they can. This falling out among thieves can only depress the price of oil further. Commodities analysts surveyed recently by *The Wall Street Journal* chose "sell crude oil futures" as their most highly recommended trade in 1985. Some predicted that the oil price might fall as low as $17 per barrel this year.

All of this is very unsettling to international bankers and American oil company executives. Expect to hear these sober gentlemen explain grimly that a big, sudden drop in the world oil price would threaten the "stability" of the world economy. Indeed, they've been saying this for quite some time. OPEC has been with us for a dozen years. The cartel has become a familiar feature of the financial landscape. The business establishment of the West has grown used to it. If it suddenly were to disappear, the official soothsayers warn, "expectations" would be knocked into a cocked hat. Oil and bank stocks would collapse. Wall Street would panic. Then the sky would fall.

These are simply the alarums of businessmen who like their own profits more than they like the free market. It's important to remember exactly why OPEC is a rip-off. Cartel pricing imposes an artificial tax over and above a commodity's market price. This results in a transfer of income from the public to those who can charge the cartel price. The OPEC scam is no exception. And although some of the OPEC loot lines the pockets of various sheikhs and princes, most remains in the West. The United States still produces most of its energy domestically, and the owners of energy resources—oil, natural gas, and coal—have benefited from the OPEC holdup just as if they were official members of the cartel. The windfall profits tax has removed only a small portion of their monopoly profits. Also, much of the official OPEC windfall has been "recycled" through American and European financial institutions, which have made billions loaning it to Third World countries, which use it to buy oil from OPEC, and so on.

So unless you happen to own a bank or an oil well, lower oil prices are in your interest. According to the Energy Department, a $10 per barrel drop in oil prices could knock one percentage point per year off the inflation rate, and boost GNP by one percent per year. The permanent weakening or destruction of OPEC would also enhance our national security by eliminating the risk of future "oil shocks," and by freeing our foreign policy from the threat of oil blackmail.

Oil prices may continue to drop on their own, and OPEC may continue to decline, but the best way to guarantee and accelerate this happy trend is to kick the cartel while it's down. And the best way to do that is to prevent oil demand from increasing again as the price drops—or, if possible, to reduce demand further. The best way, in turn, to do *that* is a temporary tax on oil consumption.

What kind of tax? One suggestion that's gotten a lot of mention of late is a tax on oil imports. The trouble with this is that it would give a free ride to domestic oil producers. The price of all oil products would go up, but domestic producers would essentially pocket the tax on their own production. This would encourage some small degree of new production, but most of the benefit would go to production that will occur anyway. Domestic producers don't need more incentives. It's much more important that a new tax be fair.

A far better suggestion would be an increase in the federal tax on gasoline and diesel fuel. A gallon of gasoline now costs about what it did in early 1980, even though prices in general have risen by 30 percent. A tax of 30 cents a gallon would merely put consumers back where they were five years ago, and would deal a severe blow to OPEC. A 50-cent tax would be even better. (Sound harsh? Gas costs over $2.25 a gallon in France, $2 in Britain. Taxes

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in these countries account for over half the price at the pump.) With a gas tax, we can use the money that used to go to OPEC to reduce the deficit, and hence interest rates. This would mean cheaper goods—including cheaper cars—for everyone. If the tax succeeds in breaking the cartel once and for all, it could even lead to cheaper gasoline—tax included—in the future.

Politically impossible? Heaven knows Ronald Reagan would be the last president to call for more taxes or government intervention in the marketplace. But actually, we are already paying a hefty tax on oil—except that the proceeds go to OPEC and the oil companies. And since when is a market dominated by a cartel and an oligopoly "free"? If Reagan really believes in lower prices, smaller deficits, and free market competition, he'll use his State of the Union Address to sell the country on a new temporary gas tax.

NOTEBOOK

□ ONCE AGAIN, the administration is proposing to cut spending for the National Endowment for the Arts. This, and the arts community's outraged response, was treated as major news for two days running in *The New York Times*. "I'm just appalled," Beverly Sills, director of the New York City Opera, told the *Times*. "I think that to take that enormous percentage off such a minuscule amount in support of the arts is a disgrace." Well actually, the spending request ($144.5 million) is the biggest the Reagan administration has ever made; the proposed cut (11.7 percent) pales next to the 50 percent cut Reagan asked for in 1982. There's every reason to suppose that, after Congress makes its usual adjustments, the NEA budget will be the same as, or bigger than, last year's, just as last year's was bigger than that of the year before. What's more, the "enormous percentage" is less than the administration wants to trim from other programs like child nutrition (16 percent)—not to mention Urban Mass Transit, Job Corps, and the Economic Development Administration, which are slated for complete termination. Says Ms. Sills: "I'm just hoping that if enough of us yell and scream and stamp our feet and have tantrums President Reagan will take another look and say, 'My god, that's really very little money.' " Maybe so, but it would be nice if the nation's cultural commissars—and *The New York Times*—put the special sufferings of artists in some kind of perspective.

□ FIFTEEN YEARS AGO IN THE NEW REPUBLIC: "The trouble is deep-seated. Whereas the anti-apartheid movement has a simple, direct object—to force South Africa into total isolation on every possible front, whether political, economic, sport, etc.—the governments in these and other Western countries tend to regard isolation as self-defeating. The British quote China as the classic example. There is much to be said for this argument, but as the "isolate South Africa" campaign notches up its successes, so correspondingly the anti-isolationists are portrayed not as subtle opponents of apartheid pursuing their own devious though legitimate course, but as protectors of the apartheid regime. It's an uncomfortable position for Western governments to find themselves in, and it is going to become more, not less uncomfortable." (" 'No' to Arthur Ashe," by Stanley Uys, February 14, 1970.)

WHITE HOUSE WATCH

FULL SPEED AHEAD

PRACTICALLY from the day after President Reagan's triumphant reelection through Christmas vacation, the administration seemed in a state of torpor. The bad news from Washington was partly to blame. During the campaign, it's claimed, nobody at the Office of Management and Budget bothered to press the computer button to get an updated deficit estimate. Right afterward, when the button was pushed, the number turned out not to be $175 billion and declining, as represented to the electorate on the stump, but $205 billion and rising. It became clear that economic growth, the president's favorite solution to the deficit problem, was not going to prove the powerful cure-all it was advertised to be; the projections for the third and fourth quarter GNP were nearly flat. Suddenly stories began surfacing that cuts in domestic spending were the administration's real answer to the deficit; and each day brought word of a new target: farm programs, veterans' programs, revenue sharing, federal pay, Medicare, the National Endowment for the Arts. After a campaign conducted on a theme of joy, it appeared that the second term would begin in an atmosphere of excruciating political pain.

Worse still, to much of Washington it appeared that the president would be unable to rally Congress to do anything. Even though he had won a stupendous election victory, he had failed to ask for a mandate to push through any specific programs, and until very late in the game, he did not make an effort to elect representatives and senators who would back him. His basic campaign theme—"Everything's fine"—encouraged voters to bask in the status quo and vote for incumbents. Republicans picked up only 15 House seats, leaving the president far short of an ideological majority, and lost two in the Senate, where almost all of the leadership jobs duly fell into the hands of moderates who doubt the efficacy of the Reagan program. At age 73, Reagan undoubtedly would have been labeled a "lame duck" even if the 22nd Amendment had never been added to the Constitution. But the amendment removes all doubt about the matter, and Reagan's powers began to be discounted by the press and Congress before the electoral college results were certified.

Reagan himself did not seem inclined to fight the Christ-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

mas-New Year blahs. He escaped to California for a vacation, surfacing only to shake hands with Japanese Prime Minister Yasuhiro Nakasone and exchange pleasant untruths about the state of U.S.-Japanese trade relations. He was reported to be deeply involved in discussions with his aides about the budget and the arms control talks in Geneva, but he didn't say much of anything. Even his aides acknowledge "he's disappeared from view for the last three months." As noted in this column last week, Reagan didn't get credit for the success of Geneva, he was accused of abdicating to Congress his deficit-closing responsibilities, and the potentially rejuvenating job switch by Treasury Secretary Donald Regan and White House Chief of Staff James Baker was written off as their doing, not his.

IT SHOULD be noted that all of the talk of "drift," "torpor," and lame-duck syndrome was, as they say, an "inside the Beltway" phenomenon. Outside Washington, the President's approval ratings rose to 68 percent, according to *The Washington Post*, and above 70 percent, according to one Republican pollster. Still, Reagan lives and governs in Washington, and he needed to recover political momentum among the city's cynics and sophisticates. The inaugural address might have provided an opportunity for that, but Reagan seems to have used it instead to bolster his standing where it was already strong—out in the God-fearing, patriotically homespun countryside. Some inaugural addresses inspire both Washington and America (FDR's in 1932 and John Kennedy's in 1960 are the best examples), but Reagan's address did not seem to be one of these.

According to some Reagan aides, this is no cause for worry. The inaugural, they say, was designed to "start us off in the second term where we were last seen in the campaign—on a positive, uplifting note. There was no talk about austerity in this speech, nothing about 'share the suffering.' It was not a specific, programmatic speech. That's what the State of the Union is designed to be. This was thematic, a tone poem about growth, opportunity, freedom, bipartisanship, optimism, and confidence." The speech was also quite conservative, making Reagan sound like the crusading antifederal government outsider that he was in 1981, instead of Washington's highest-ranking insider. Reagan went out of his way to reaffirm his opposition to tax increases. He backed a balanced budget amendment to the Constitution even though he is still $200 billion or more away from proposing a balanced budget, and he made a lengthy new appeal for support for a population-protecting antimissile system.

There were occasional references in the speech to those who feel alienated in Reagan's happy America, as in, "We must think anew and move with a new boldness . . . so that the least among us shall have an equal chance to achieve the greatest things, to be heroes," but there was little evidence of any actual bold thinking on their behalf. Reagan remained Reagan in his fundamental conviction about the poor: "Now, there is a place for the federal government in matters of social compassion. But our fundamental goals must be to reduce dependency. . . . And here, a growing economy and support from family and community offer our best chance for a society where compassion is a way of life." His vision is that "We, the people, will build an American opportunity society in which all of us—white and black, rich and poor, young and old, will go forward together, arm in arm," though there is little evidence yet that cutting social programs for the poor and taxes for the rich has done much to heal ethnic and social rifts in America.

Reagan used Jack Kemp's favorite slogan, "American Opportunity Society," but an aide indicated that in deference to Vice President George Bush, Kemp's presumptive 1988 rival for the Republican presidential nomination, the phrase was not capitalized in the text released by the White House.

The speech was simple, direct, and sincere—one aide said that "it had a Gettysburg aspect"—and its optimism was certainly in keeping with Reagan's campaign speeches, as in, "My fellow Americans, our nation is poised for greatness." But it was not up to Reagan's best standards of eloquence, and it contained not a single new idea or proposal. Aides say that will come with the budget, which will contain "hundreds" of program changes, including a major reform of the farm support program, which one administration aide described as "a mismanaged socialist program pretending it's protection for the family farmer." The farm program will involve "a five-year transition to the free market" except for the smallest farms. "Why should we pay $50,000 in supports to farms when an urban family that suffers economic reverses gets just a fraction of that?" Similarly, this official said, "with 14 million small businesses in the country, why should the government help 20,000?"

ACCORDING TO this official, Reagan will not sell budget cuts affecting farms or the Small Business Administration as "pain to be shared," but as "good government measures" improving the efficiency and fairness of federal programs. The current White House plan is to work out a compromise budget plan with the Republican Senate—"What comes out certainly will not be our plan," an aide said—and then try to secure an up-or-down vote in the Democratic House. The White House is hoping to attract enough Democratic support to be able to call its plan "bipartisan," but current thinking is that "we'll have to have Republican discipline, attract conservative Democrats and beat the Democratic leadership." According to one aide, "We'll make a try for a compromise, but I'm sure the Democrats can't endorse the kind of things it's going to take to get $40 billion or $50 billion out of the budget, $30 billion out of nondefense items."

White House aides anticipate that in order to get his budget cuts through the House, Reagan will have to campaign around the country and perhaps make a 1981-style television appeal. He may also have to do so, they say, to win renewal of aid to anti-Sandinista guerrillas in Nicaragua, to make tax simplification a reality, and to get fund-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ing for the Strategic Defense Initiative. They think he did himself no harm at all in appealing primarily outside the Washington Beltway in his inaugural address. " 'Inside the Beltway' is always astonished at how much Reagan's 'outside the Beltway' support counts," said one assistant. "The inaugural helps rebuild moral capital. It tells people the Reagan they reelected but haven't seen for three months is still in command. If Reagan has a 70 percent support rating outside the Beltway and he keeps it strong, that also works on the minds of his opponents, who've been awfully quiet lately."

Correction: Thanks to all those who reminded me that I got Sherlock Holmes's dogs wrong last week. The dog that did not bark was not the Hound of the Baskervilles, but the stable watchdog in "Silver Blaze," whose silence told Holmes that the villain responsible for injuring a prize racehorse was not a stranger, but the stablemaster himself.

MORTON KONDRACKE

What Duarte can learn from Betancur.

THE GUERRILLA TAMER

Bogotá, Colombia

SINCE THE Cuban revolution 25 years ago, the idea has persisted in Latin America, particularly among the armed forces, that negotiating with armed Marxist-Leninist insurgents is a waste of time because there is no middle ground. Fidel Castro—the argument goes—spouted nationalist homilies simply as ploys to muddy diplomatic waters, beguile the free world, and buy time. After his system was in place, the mask came off.

The alternative to negotiation is simple: obliteration of the left through repression and the massive application of military force. This method has had recent successes—most notably in Argentina and Guatemala—but has fared indifferently in El Salvador, where five years of civil war have produced 50,000 dead (mostly civilians), atrocities beyond number, and a battlefield stalemate between armies whose men are killing each other more efficiently every day. The people of El Salvador clearly have had their fill of obliteration, and would heartily welcome any alternative.

That's why Salvadoran President José Napoleón Duarte decided to give negotiations another try. He opened talks at La Palma on October 15. There have been no results so far, but if he needs an encouraging example about what negotiations can achieve, he might look for guidance to the president of Colombia, Belisario Betancur. In the past two years Betancur has crafted temporary cease-fires with thousands of armed rebels, the overwhelming majority of them Marxist-Leninists. And on November 1 the Colombian government and guerrilla representatives began work on a "National Dialogue" designed to achieve social peace through reform and to end more than 30 years of political violence.

Betancur's efforts have been largely ignored in the United States, but they have been followed with great interest and admiration in Latin America. The Salvadoran Farabundo Martí National Liberation Front (F.M.L.N.) wanted Betancur to mediate in the Salvadoran dialogue, but Duarte rejected the idea, saying he did not want to involve foreigners. Betancur probably would have agreed. His position is that one's guerrilla insurgency is one's own business.

Through a combination of good faith, personal prestige, political skill, and astute use of propaganda, Betancur has—at least for now—stopped a guerrilla insurgency and brought the armed left into a peaceful debate on the nation's future. He has accomplished this without in any way altering Colombia's basic political system or harming Colombian institutions—not excepting the armed forces. He has brought new self-respect and dynamism to one of Latin America's stodgiest democracies.

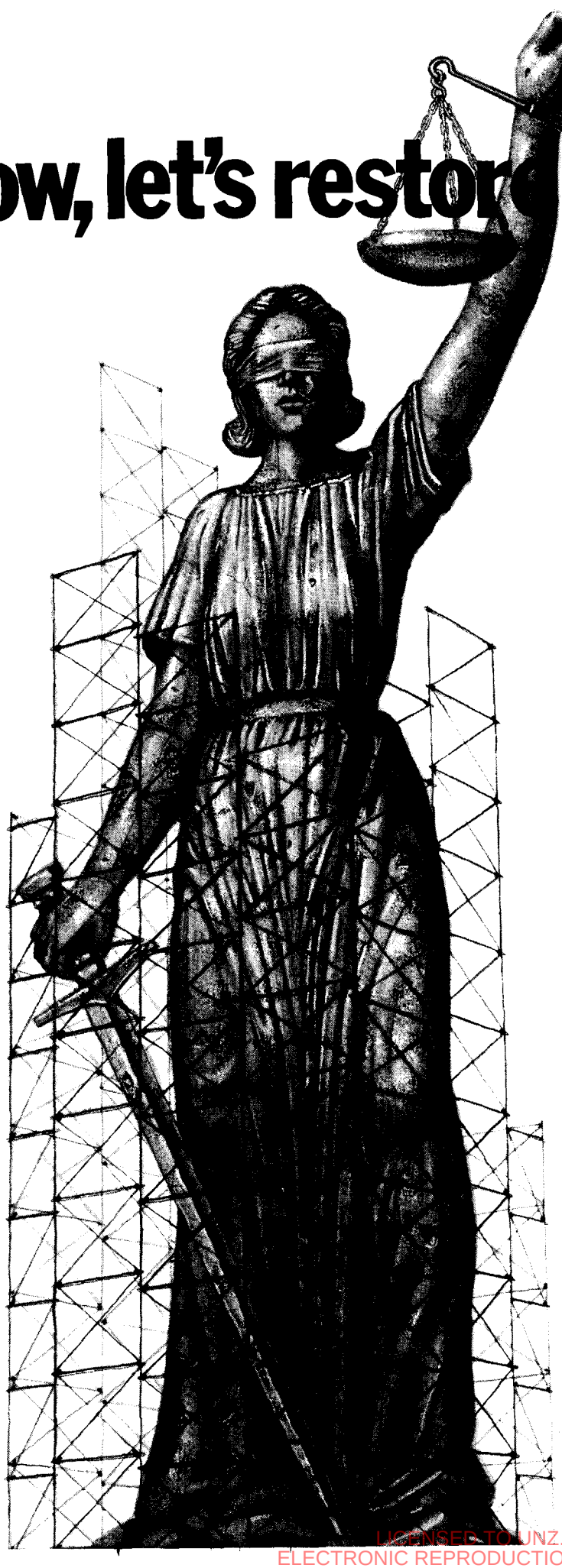
BETANCUR WAS inaugurated in August 1982. He began with the premise that Colombia's guerrillas (believed at that time to number anywhere from 15,000 to 30,000, now thought to be more like 6,000) could never take power through revolution. At the same time, the army could be expected to control the rebels, but never to eliminate them. Decades of guerrilla violence had brought nothing resembling victory for either side. In El Salvador, by contrast, the opposing sides have fought only five years and are not yet convinced that all military possibilities have been exhausted.

Colombia has other advantages. The war is low-tech, with little foreign assistance on either side. There are no geopolitics to muddle the works, and lots of hand-to-hand combat and hard slogging through the jungle—conditions which humble the hardest hearts and encourage a measure of respect for the enemy. Colombia also has a lot of space in which to operate—456,535 square miles (the size of Texas, Oklahoma, and New Mexico combined) for some 28 million people—and the army can easily ignore the guerrillas as long as they stay among the jaguars. Guerrilla war in tiny El Salvador (which has a population of 5 million in an area the size of Massachusetts) is like a boxing match in a shower stall: there is no way to avoid getting hit. And finally, Colombia has one of the oldest civilian governments in Latin America. The Salvadoran government has little stability and no institutions to speak of. Duarte's survival in office is the subject of frequent rumor, and his ability to influence, let alone control, the armed forces is suspect. El Salvador is a more hospitable place for a guerrilla movement.

In the first few months of his administration, Betancur appointed a 40-member Peace Commission, which included members of the Communist Party of Colombia and other above-ground Marxist groups. He declared an unconditional amnesty, and pardoned 1,500 guerrilla prison-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Now, let's restore Civil Justice.



Year after year, our civil justice system has become slower. More costly. Less fair to the very people it was meant to help.

We all pay the price. Some of us pay in the frustration of waiting for a case to end, or by seeing a settlement eaten away by legal costs. All of us pay in the form of higher taxes and insurance premiums.

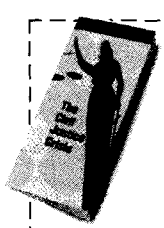
Experts agree on the urgent need for civil justice repair. Chief Justice Burger has criticized "the high cost of legal services and the slow pace of justice." Derek Bok, president of Harvard and former dean of Harvard Law, has called our legal system "the most expensive in the world."

A 1984 Rand Corporation study of thousands of asbestos-related lawsuits shows how serious the crisis has become. Cases closed took an average two years and eight months, with 11 percent taking six years. How much money went to asbestos victims? Only 37 percent of the expenses and compensation paid by defendants and insurers. The other 63 percent went to pay litigation costs.

Can anything be done? We think it can.

We're the Insurance Information Institute. Our members, property and casualty insurance companies, are vitally involved in this issue. They've joined with others–doctors, lawyers, government officials, business leaders–in coalitions of concerned citizens. Together, they're developing new solutions. In many states, their ideas are being translated into action.

Our latest report, *The Civil Justice Crisis,* examines the reforms now being proposed. It tells how you can get involved. We'd like you to have a copy, free of charge.



4K

Insurance Information Institute
110 William Street
New York, New York 10038

Please send me a free copy of
The Civil Justice Crisis.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Insurance Information Institute
A nonprofit action and information center

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ers. Not surprisingly, showdowns and recriminations followed immediately: the guerrillas worried that once out of prison or amnestied, they were fair game for right-wing death squads. They slept with pistols under their pillows and threatened to resume fighting if their safety could not be guaranteed. Opponents of the program replied that the guerrillas, particularly the released prisoners, never had the slightest intention of going straight, and that they were using the amnesty simply as a means to get out of jail and back into harness. Both sides were right. More than 35 ex-guerrillas have been murdered since the amnesty was declared on November 22, 1982. Several score others, however, returned to the war.

After the amnesty, Betancur's Peace Commission reached two separate cease-fire agreements with four of Colombia's five guerrilla groups. Both were muddily worded lists of principles committing the government to serious but vague programs of economic and social reform, and suggesting that the guerrillas put down (but not give up) their weapons and contemplate participation in the national political process. These agreements are the basis of the "National Dialogue" being crafted in Bogotá and expected to produce by mid-1985 large numbers of laws and presidential decrees reforming Colombian institutions.

BETANCUR TODAY is where Duarte and El Salvador could be in one or two years. Although the Colombian military and the right-wing establishment are going along only grudgingly, he has been able to offer opening concessions such as the amnesties and the cease-fire. Despite a serious economic crisis in Colombia, Betancur is politically untouchable at present because of his peace efforts. Duarte will clearly have much rougher going. His institutional support is minimal and the army is immensely powerful and independent.

Still, the Salvadoran insurgents are coming to believe that they cannot win the war, at least not soon. This is not necessarily because of military shortcomings, but because they think that the Reagan administration would intervene directly before allowing the government to fall. Duarte needs to take advantage of this perception. If he wins some concessions from the guerrillas, he will gain credibility and give everyone the confidence that the process might eventually work. And successful negotiations may prove just as important for his Christian Democratic Party, especially in the legislative assembly elections in March. The Christian Democrats currently hold 26 out of 60 seats in the assembly and want a working majority. If peace blooms, so will their prospects. Failure to produce results would give credence to the charges of Roberto d'Aubuisson and his rightist National Republican Alliance that Duarte is wasting time on futile negotiations while the Salvadoran economy founders. For most Salvadorans, day-to-day concerns about food and jobs outweigh lofty pronouncements about a peace process which creeps along imperceptibly.

The Colombian guerrillas have already made a substantial and perhaps crucial concession: the cease-fire agreement signed on May 28 and renewed on December 1 by the Colombian Revolutionary Armed Forces, the oldest, largest, and most powerful of the rebel groups. Forged during the 1950s as a band of partisans loosely allied to the Liberal Party, the movement today is a Soviet-line guerrilla organization led by its legendary war chieftain Pedro Pablo Marín, alias Manuel Marulanda Vélez, alias Tirofijo—"Sureshot." The Revolutionary Armed Forces have ideologues, a well-defined cell structure, and a long and proud history of guerrilla intransigence—solid credentials for a Leninist vanguard party. That it would renounce armed struggle to come on board Betancur's peace caravan has to be regarded as a major ideological compromise.

A similar change in attitude appeared at first to be taking place within the Salvadoran left when, at the beginning of negotiations, it abandoned its long-standing insistence on "power-sharing." The Salvadoran government has consistently denounced the many versions of this plan as "granting the left at the bargaining table what it is unable to earn on the battlefield"—i.e., the first step in giving away the store to the Communists. Significantly, although Duarte mentioned the government's tried-and-true proposal at La Palma—a political space in the existing system (i.e., a chance to participate openly in elections)—the guerrillas did not come back with power-sharing, their stock response. F.M.L.N. negotiator Ruben Zamora suggested the movement might participate in municipal elections if they were postponed to give the guerrillas time to reorganize as a political party. A mid-November debate on U.S. public television between guerrillas and government came off without incident and left each side reasonably optimistic. Then came the second meeting at Ayagualo and a three-step guerrilla plan that included almost everything the government had rejected over the years: power-sharing to include "all political and social forces," provisional government of "national consensus," reorganization of the armed forces. The government denounced the plan as a violation of the constitution and dismissed it out of hand.

But there are potentially less contentious ideas on the guerrillas' agenda too, such as "humanizing the war," national and regional forums to discuss political views, control and elimination of death squads, and the like. So the negotiators, if they can't make an outright peace treaty, will still have plenty to work with.

WHAT IS NOT reassuring about El Salvador's "peace dialogue" is the apparent lack of communication between the guerrilla negotiators and the war chieftains who hold the lion's share of power within the F.M.L.N. The guerrillas are unlikely to agree to any government proposal that is not first accepted by the principal chieftains, Joaquin Villalobos and Salvador Guerra. Two dialogues later it is still impossible to tell who speaks for them. In Colombia, Betancur went right to Tirofijo, and has treated the activities of the other groups as a sideshow. There was never any question about who was in charge. In El Salvador, until both sides are convinced that

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the guerrillas speak with one voice, the negotiators will continue to stagger about for a solution.

GUY GUGLIOTTA

Guy Gugliotta is Latin America correspondent for *The Miami Herald*.

Government work is no sacrifice.

THIS IS THE LIFE

A FAVORITE pastime in government these days is lamenting life in the government. The financial toll is crippling, wail high-ranking public servants. "Life-style," if not life itself, is said to be endangered by the government's stingy wages. This is the Big Myth of Washington. The truth is that many of the loudest moaners are making more money in government than they ever made before. Some, at least judging by their previous incomes, might even be in government partly because of the money. They never had it so good. And they'll have it even better after they leave government to realize those golden opportunities ahead.

Another little-known fact is that the people who really do take a financial bath by working in government—the well-heeled and successful ones wishing to dive into government as they once dove into business or law—moan the least. These folks made it big before coming to Washington, some so big they need never care again about anything like "loss of income." More money would not change their life-style one iota, as they are the first to realize. So though they are used as prime examples of the Big Myth—previous incomes in six or seven digits are regularly compared to relatively modest government salaries—they relish their new lives and don't complain.

The Big Myth is perpetuated by those to whom it least applies: younger political appointees. Their green government checks furnish an eminently comfortable upper-middle-class life-style; for many it is far more comfortable than they ever had it on the "outside." One struggling young intellectual friend of mine who had been pushing our view of the world in various paper-cluttered mini-offices suddenly found himself in a government position paying more than $66,000 a year. There's a host of formerly bored lawyers, idealistic writers, journalists, and academics of sundry sorts who found the glamorous life in government. Their unwillingness to acknowledge how good they have it may reflect our cultural norms which require feigned indifference about influence and affluence. They may feel compelled to act blasé about the fast track they're on. Still, they have it good.

Government service below the level of presidential appointments is comfortable too, something that is well understood beyond the Potomac. When an entry position recently opened up at the Arms Control and Disarmament Agency, more than 80 people applied.

The closer you look at the Big Myth, the sillier it looks. People seldom make choices solely based on economic reasons. They choose to do things they like to do—even if they are costly. Money, after all, is a medium of exchange for satisfaction. If the satisfaction arrives directly, so much the simpler. Nearly everyone in audiences I address around the country has more money than I do (I've been in government for almost a decade), but they express fascination and envy when they hear of the critical issues I'm lucky enough to work on and discuss with the president.

For political appointees, jobs in government have the added advantage of impermanence. (The average tenure is less than two years.) You can be sure to move on to a much better, and probably better paying, job far more quickly than if you work at a bank, a large corporation, a law firm, or your own business. Hence the standard fare is for people to come to government to do good, and stay in Washington to do well. Let's face it: we're in government because we like it. When we stop liking it, there are plenty of folks around the country who would take our places at a moment's offer, "sacrifice" and all.

KENNETH ADELMAN

Kenneth Adelman is the director of the Arms Control and Disarmament Agency.

WASHINGTON SCENE

UNDER ARREST

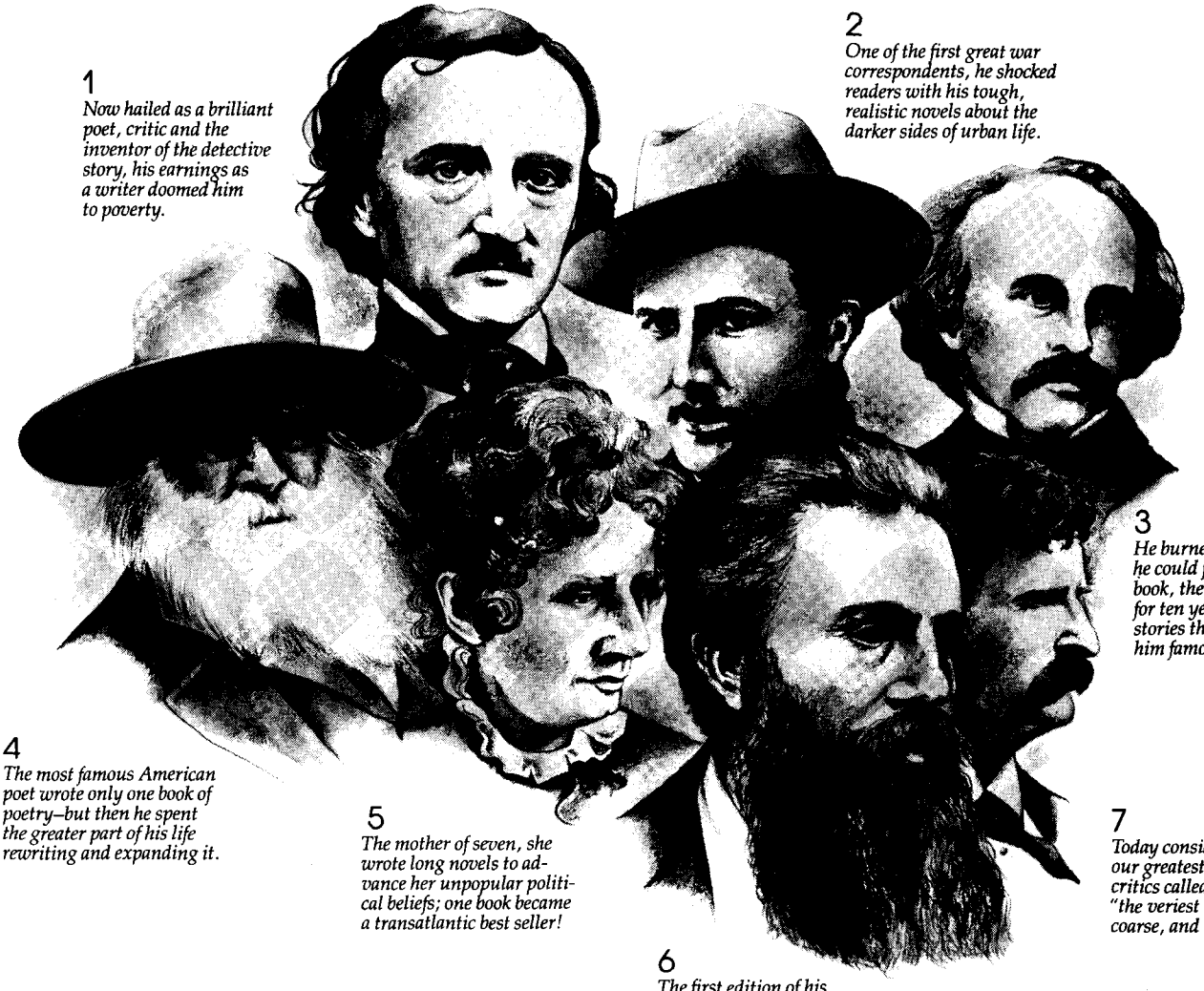
FATHER MUDD'S parishioners neglected to bring a trowel, so they had to kick the soft sod alongside Massachusetts Avenue with their heels before they could plant their green and white banner. The passing traffic could now read SAINT AUGUSTINE CATHOLIC CHURCH. A hundred and fifty yards away, across a little street and uphill, the two gray stone buildings of the South African Embassy sat out of the picketers' line of sight.

Across Massachusetts on a triangular patch of land where a street called "Lovers Lane" begins, a single TV station van was parked. This was the eighth week of orderly demonstrations against apartheid on Washington's Embassy Row. No business day is skipped, but some days are skimpier than others, and Randall Robinson, the affable, accessible coordinator of this exercise in shoe leather and chilblains, has to scrape the bottom of the volunteer barrel.

Twenty years ago in Selma there were days like this one when the Movement was reduced to putting grammar

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

IF THEY LIVED AND WROTE TODAY



1
Now hailed as a brilliant poet, critic and the inventor of the detective story, his earnings as a writer doomed him to poverty.

2
One of the first great war correspondents, he shocked readers with his tough, realistic novels about the darker sides of urban life.

3
He burned all the copies he could find of his first book, then secluded himself for ten years to work on the stories that would make him famous.

4
The most famous American poet wrote only one book of poetry—but then he spent the greater part of his life rewriting and expanding it.

5
The mother of seven, she wrote long novels to advance her unpopular political beliefs; one book became a transatlantic best seller!

6
The first edition of his literary masterpiece sold poorly, perhaps because critics called the massive work "sheer moonstruck lunacy."

7
Today considered one of our greatest writers, early critics called his work "the veriest trash…rough, coarse, and inelegant."

WOULD YOU RECOGNIZE THEIR GENIUS?

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"THE MOST IMPORTANT BOOK-PUBLISHING PROJECT IN THE NATION'S HISTORY"—*NEWSWEEK*

In their own times, many great American writers found their works attacked by hostile critics or ignored by an indifferent public. Today, of course, the world acknowledges the genius of these authors. Even so, many of their works have gone out of print or are available only in expensive, hard-to-find editions. But now you can obtain the most distinguished editions of America's literature ever produced and discover–or–rediscover the splendors of the American imagination.

For the first time in our history, you can own and enjoy all of Melville, all of Hawthorne, Twain, Emerson, Whitman, James, Poe, Thoreau—and the collected writings of many other notable American novelists, historians, poets, philosophers, essayists and statesmen. The Library of America brings them to you in a uniform series of handsomely printed and bound hardcover volumes designed for hours of pleasurable and rewarding reading.

Each of these compact, elegant books contains from 1,000 to 1,600 pages and includes a number of works by the same author. For example, all the prose works of Herman Melville will appear for the first time in their entirety in three handsome and durable volumes.

"The dream of publishing a series of American classics is at last becoming a reality."
—The New York Times

Authoritative editions based on superb scholarship
The Library of America offers you scrupulously accurate unabridged texts, the product of years of thorough research by distinguished scholars.

"The finest-looking, longest-lasting editions of American literature ever made."
—New Republic

Books that will last for generations
These superbly constructed books, manufactured to the highest standards, are printed on fine acid-free paper, handsomely bound in cloth, and come in attractive protective slipcases. Quality bindings–sewn *and* glued–assure that these books will withstand many readings and last for generations.

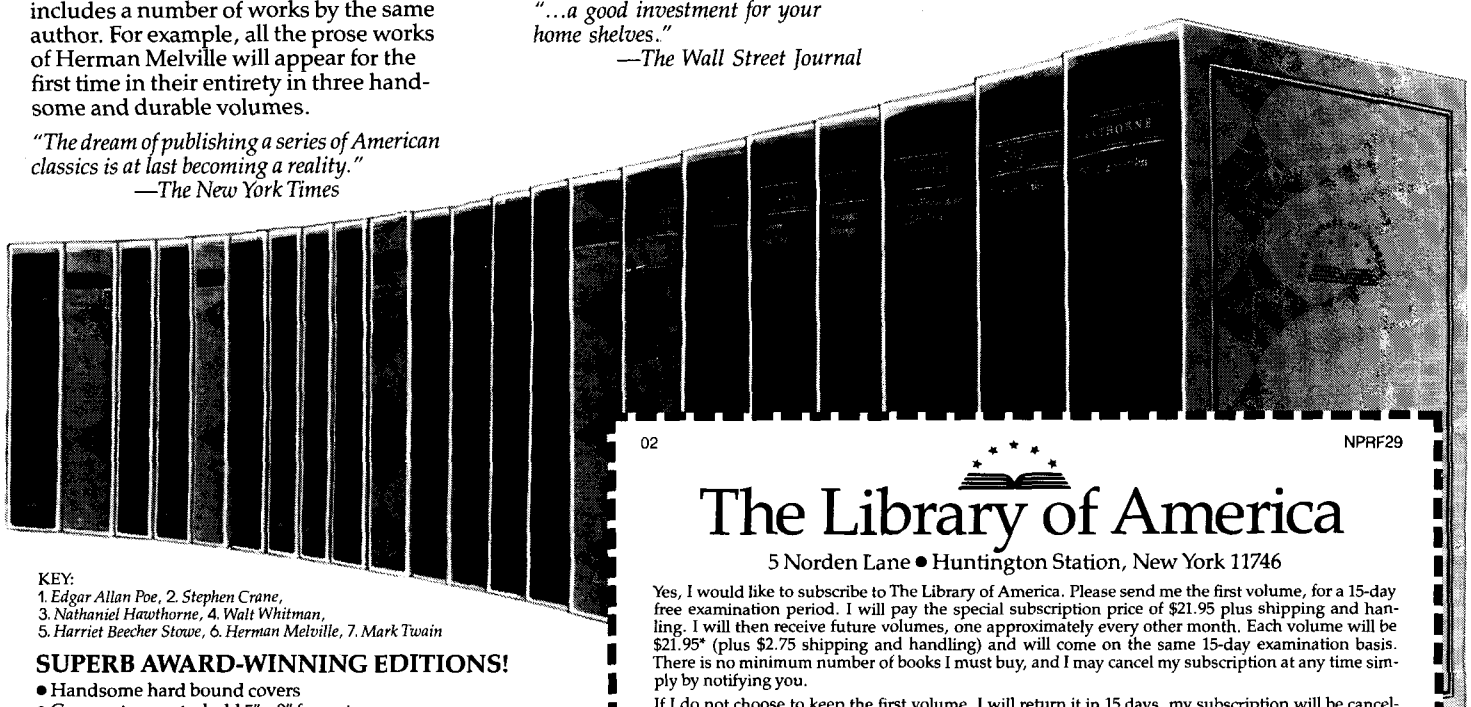
Enjoy our nation's great literature at significant savings
As a subscriber to The Library of America, you can begin your own personal collection of works by America's most important authors–volume by volume, direct from the publisher, at savings of up to 27% off the retail price.

"...a good investment for your home shelves."
—The Wall Street Journal

Enjoy the first volume for 15 days–*free.*
If it meets your expectations–in both editorial content and craftsmanship–keep it and pay only $21.95 for your first volume, plus shipping and handling. Thereafter, you will receive additional volumes, one approximately every other month for your examination.

If you already have purchased one or more Library of America volumes–or received them as gifts–you can still subscribe and accept only the books you want.

Begin your Library of America collection with Nathaniel Hawthorne's Tales and Sketches
An acknowledged master of the short story, Hawthorne illuminates the unexpected consequences of human transgression and sinful conscience. His stories demonstrate why the world considers him a great artist and an astonishingly contemporary one. This first complete collection of his *Tales and Sketches* also includes his remarkable stories for children.



KEY:
1. *Edgar Allan Poe,* 2. *Stephen Crane,*
3. *Nathaniel Hawthorne,* 4. *Walt Whitman,*
5. *Harriet Beecher Stowe,* 6. *Herman Melville,* 7. *Mark Twain*

SUPERB AWARD-WINNING EDITIONS!

- Handsome hard bound covers
- Compact, easy-to-hold 5" x 8" format
- Protective gilt-trimmed slipcases (not available in bookstore edition)
- Smyth-sewn and glued bindings ensure permanence
- Fine, opaque, *acid-free* paper makes the books lightweight yet durable
- Bound-in ribbon markers, special endpapers and gilt-trimmed spines

THE LIBRARY OF AMERICA
The collected works of America's foremost authors in uniform hardcover editions

A nonprofit publishing program supported by the National Endowment for the Humanities and the Ford Foundation

02 NPRF29

The Library of America

5 Norden Lane • Huntington Station, New York 11746

Yes, I would like to subscribe to The Library of America. Please send me the first volume, for a 15-day free examination period. I will pay the special subscription price of $21.95 plus shipping and handling. I will then receive future volumes, one approximately every other month. Each volume will be $21.95* (plus $2.75 shipping and handling) and will come on the same 15-day examination basis. There is no minimum number of books I must buy, and I may cancel my subscription at any time simply by notifying you.

If I do not choose to keep the first volume, I will return it in 15 days, my subscription will be cancelled, and I will be under no further obligation.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____ Zip_____

Charge my ☐ Visa ☐ MasterCard

Card No._____ Exp. date_____

Signature_____

If you already have purchased one or more Library of America volumes—or received them as gifts—you can still subscribe and accept only the books you want.

**Price subject to change. All orders subject to approval.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

school children on the picket line. The civil rights ministers would work up enthusiasm by leading them in freedom songs, then march them over to the county courthouse. They looked sparse and frail, and on those days, so did the Movement, though Andy Young would sip his coffee from a polystyrene cup and declare, "We're going to pass a voting rights bill from here, you'll see."

The sparse line of pickets from Saint Augustine's walked their flattened ellipse on the sidewalk in front of an empty château 500 feet down the street from the embassy. That is as close to a diplomatic mission as you legally may picket in Washington before you get arrested. The parishioners, perhaps three-quarters of them black, were poor. They wore knitted woolen hats and econo-store car coats; a middle-aged white woman in pink outerwear with a scarf over her head guided a young, blind black man.

With the parishioners from Saint Augustine's were people carrying signs saying ARTISTS AGAINST APARTHEID, LUTHERANS AGAINST APARTHEID, and so on. The sign that causes the most noise, and someone is carrying it every day, urges the heavy traffic on Massachusetts to HONK AGAINST APARTHEID. At Selma the drivers honked against integration; if they caught a marcher or a reporter walking in the gutter, instead of the sidewalk, they would make a run at the person. Friendly honking takes some getting used to.

Every day the drill on Massachusetts Avenue is the same. The picketers arrive around 3:30, and after a half hour Randall Robinson steps to the microphone set up on the lawn in front of the empty château. "Will the designated messengers of the day please assemble behind the lectern," he will say, and then he introduces them.

ON THIS DAY Reverend Walter Fauntroy, the District of Columbia's nonvoting representative in Congress, and his friend Father Mudd linked arms and walked up the street together to the police sawhorses. The officers were told who intended to be arrested, and these were allowed across the barrier to proceed up the hill to the steps of the embassy. At the embassy door Father Mudd turned to the parishioners and led them in a short service. The police watched respectfully. "No more weeping over me!/And before I'd be a slave,/I'll be buried in my grave,/And go home to my lord and be free."

Only now do the police take them away. The officers are as helpful as they can be. It's not Selma. When Effi Barry, the wife of the mayor of Washington, is arrested, they take her to the station house in a private squad car. Most arrestees are taken by van, and they are all immediately released.

NO ARMS, NO AID/NO GUNS, NO TRADE, the picketers chant as they speculate who the next celebrity arrest may be. For several days Randall Robinson had been hinting that a United States senator would be joining the line and on Tuesday of the ninth week, presto! Lowell Weicker of Connecticut, a big, tall man in a black silk suit, was walking the line.

It was a special day, a true first, with everyone agreeing a senator had never before been arrested for civil disobedience, a step up from inebriation or bribery, the infractions that ordinarily bring members of Congress to police attention. The etiquette for a senatorial arrest was uncertain, but Mr. Weicker's staff—there appeared to be six of them—were grappling with every contingency. About the time the senator made his statement at the lectern one of his picketers held up the HONK AGAINST APARTHEID sign. "Apartheid exists [Honk!] because a whole world [Honk!] tolerates it by silence. The silence that envelopes today's black South African is no different than that which wasted yesterday's European Jew."

The senator, it had been arranged, would drive up to the embassy door with a lady from the Philadelphia chapter of Women Strike for Peace and several others. The photographers from the media pool, the small group selected to take the pictures that all news organizations can then use, were allowed to go along. Harry Naltchayan, a photographer from *The Washington Post*, refused to join the pool. The *Post* wanted its own pictures.

So Harry and the other nonpool photographers went trotting up the other side of Massachuetts to set up across the avenue with their telescopic lenses. When the moment of arrest arrived, Harry and his colleagues began shouting across the way at their comrades in the pool, "Get down! We can't get our shots!" As the police put the handcuffs on the senator (actually they were plastic ties not unlike what you use to tie up large-size Glad garbage bags), Mr. Weicker's staff people, standing near Harry, got excited and yelled at the police. "Move over! You're blocking the handcuff shots!"

After the senator was taken off in the van, one of his housecarls chased Harry down the street to arrange to get copies of pictures of Mr. Weicker in bondage. "Well," Harry observed, "one senator is worth 50 regular arrests . . . but wait till Kennedy comes."

NICHOLAS VON HOFFMAN

The Rat-Pack Inauguration.

FRANKIE AND RONNIE

"Listen, I want to tell you something," Frank Sinatra told "Entertainment Tonight" reporter Barbara Howar at a Convention Center inaugural gala rehearsal Thursday night. "You read the *Post* this afternoon? You're all dead, every one of you. You're all dead."

". . . I was very benign," Howar said. "I'm a 120-pound entertainment reporter, right? I'm not paparazzi."

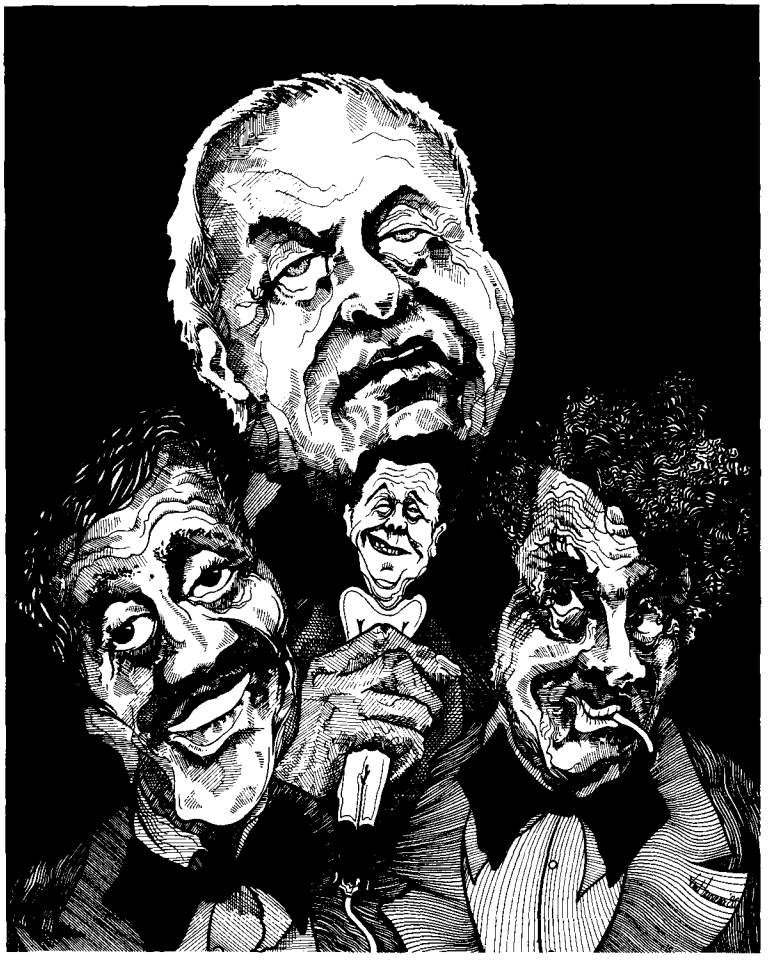
—*The Washington Post*

THERE IS NO word for the phenomenon in English, but I'm certain most Americans have experienced that strange sensation produced by exposure to certain enter-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tainers—a mixture of hatred, disgust, embarrassment, and pathos. Sometimes, if the performer is sufficiently schlocko or self-congratulatory, this feeling intensifies to a point at which, suddenly, through an epiphanous psychic alchemy, it becomes highly pleasurable. If you've ever heard Phil Harris sing "It Was a Very Good Year" you know what I mean. (Richard Harris's version of "MacArthur Park" and Paul Anka's "You're Havin' My Baby" work too.) For many, watching Jerry Lewis "take on his critics" during the waning hours of the Labor Day Telethon arouses this emotion; as does Sammy Davis Jr.'s "Mr. Bojangles" routine. Let's call the feeling "hathos." Other highly hathotic people include Merv Griffin, Gene Rayburn, Bert Convy, Buddy Hackett, Alan Alda, John Ritter, Ricky Schroder, Webster, and any of the 253 little red-haired girls who have played "Annie."

But for me, the chairman of the Hathos Board has always been none other than Old Rheum Eyes himself, Mr. Frank Sinatra. So you can imagine how much I enjoyed being in Washington the week before the inauguration. "The Pope" was in town—bringing with him "Dino," Sammy, Merv, Liz, Lou, "Bobbie" Wagner, Pearl Bailey ("The Ambassador of Love"), and many, many other giants from the "enta-tainment industry." And I was able to follow it all in the pages of the *Post* Style section, on "Entertainment Tonight," and on the local news. What a week—I haven't had that many hathos surges since "Sammy & Company" went off the air. At times, taken with the already-rich Style section offerings on inaugural preparations, gowns, and parties, it all seemed somehow . . . *too good*.



DRAWING BY VINT LAWRENCE FOR THE NEW REPUBLIC

There was Dino being interviewed on the evening news: "He's our president and we're here to honor him. And he was our governor. Now he's our president." There was the song Donna Summer would sing with the U.S. Naval Academy Glee Club at Sinatra's "Presidential Galas," as printed in the *Post*: "You're living in America/You're living in the land of the free/[repeat]/A country of the people by the people for the people/Just make it what you want it to be."

And best of all there were the breathless daily reports in Style on what Frank was doing, all written with maximum toadification. It was almost as if the Style section reporters had agreed in advance: "Frank hates the press—let's show him that we can be *neat*!" There was, for example, a special report on Frank buying an overcoat at Brooks Brothers: "Old Blue Eyes Warms to Washington." And a sarcasm-free account of radio talk-show host Larry King's decision to accept a pretaped interview with Frank: "Ron Nessen, Mutual Radio's vice-president for news and special programs, said, 'The only other person I can think of we would agree to pretape would be a president.' " There were glowing preview stories on rehearsals for the God-awful inaugural entertainment galas:

"Sinatra: 'He's the most powerful man in the world.'

"Martin: 'Aw, you're just being humble.'

"This will undoubtedly provoke galas of laughter tonight and tomorrow . . ." (The day after the second gala came the inevitable comment: "Ronald Reagan was the guest of honor . . . but it was producer Frank Sinatra's show. They did it his way.")

And then there was the Frank "dinner beat." "Here's the inside skinny on Frank Sinatra at the Italian Embassy Thursday: he sat between Maria Pia Fanfani, wife of Italy's former prime minister, and Ginny Milner, of the California contingent, at the table presided over by Ambassador Rinaldo Petrignani." (That left me wanting to know *more*. Did Frank's chair wobble? Did he throw butter pats at the ceiling? Did he load the prongs of his fork with lima beans?)

But by Thursday it was already too late—this attempt to woo Frank was a bust. On Thursday Style had run the infamous article on the "Rat Pack"—Frank, Dino, Sammy, Joey, Peter Lawford, and "honorary member John F. Kennedy"—that made Frank threaten to stop punching reporters and start killing them. The millions of people who saw Frank's outburst on "Entertainment

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Tonight" surely must have thought, "Gee, that Style section article really must have frosted 'The Pope' and the Rat Pack."

Actually, no. Aside from a few brief lines about extreme boozing and misogyny, the article contained 67 more inches of Frank-worship written by Style's new movie reviewer, Paul Attanasio. Attanasio must be puzzled, because the article was quite favorable, and it credited the Rat Pack movies with a seriousness of purpose that Frank probably hadn't realized was there: "Joey Bishop functions as the Fool to Sinatra's Lear, a motif representing the Pope's own self-pity (Sinatra is famously put-upon), and a reminder of his humble origins."

The article also argues that the Rat Pack is Back, and how: "What's fascinating is that Rat Pack style has also resurfaced, simultaneously, at the very center of national life—in the person of Ronald Reagan. . . . When Reagan sought to alchemize certain elements of the Kennedy elegance as his own, he inevitably adopted the Rat Pack aesthetic as well.

"With this inaugural, Reagan emerges as a seventh member of the Rat Pack, the first since Kennedy . . . who is not a foil, but Sinatra's equal."

And this is because—better sit down—Sinatra and Ron are very much alike: "And most important, both have subsumed their personal contradictions beneath individual panache. . . . Together, Sinatra and Reagan have designed attractive personas that effortlessly complement each other, stylized myths of guilt and innocence, sin and expiation, corruption and Kiwanis."

Wow. Maybe I understand why Frank went berserk after all. The idea of a 1950s-era Ronald Reagan being admitted to the Rat Pack. . . . Personally, I'll always be grateful to Attanasio for that image. Think of it:

The Pack is lounging around a hotel suite, drinking, smokin' cigs, flipping playing cards into a fedora. From one of the bedrooms we hear the staccato coos of a dame being riveted. Ron runs in, carrying a football and wearing a letter sweater. "Hey, Frank! You know when sex is best? In the afternoon, right after I get out of the shower!"

"That's good Ron. Now be a good Clyde and go get us some more ice."

ONE MYSTERY REMAINS. It's not yet clear whether Frank plans to rub out all journalists—right down to the guy who marks up the *Federal Register* for the Corrugated Pipe Manufacturers Association newsletter—or *just* show-biz writers. (A suggestion: First, kill all the "120-pound entertainment reporters.") Either way, this is probably not the safest time to launch the "Complete-the-Frank-Sinatra-Joke Contest" this magazine has been planning for months. But . . . well, here goes.

Q. "What's the difference between Frank Sinatra and a 180-pound Luganeghe (pork, link) sausage with jug ears that is dressed in a tuxedo?"

(Note: Someone has already thought of, "Because of his religious beliefs, Sammy Davis Jr. cannot worship the sausage.") Send all entries to this magazine c/o "The Pope." The winner—and all runners-up—will also be rubbed out by Mr. Sinatra.

ALEX HEARD

Alex Heard is, well, if you don't know who Alex Heard is, we'll break your legs.

THE PRESS

AS 'LE MONDE' TURNS

Paris

FOR THE PAST 40 years *Le Monde* has decisively shaped French intellectual life. The evening paper is required reading for government officials, university students, and the professional class. It is more influential among its readers than *The New York Times*, the London *Times*, or the *Frankfurter Allgemeine Zeitung*, and has long been considered the informed opinion on politics and culture. Now the paper, so central to French life, is perched on the brink of bankruptcy. If *Le Monde* is to survive, it will have to transform itself into something new—no easy task for a national institution.

Over the past three years, *Le Monde* has suffered multimillion-dollar losses and significant drops in readership and advertising. There are two readily apparent reasons for its predicament. First, the paper's aura of objectivity evaporated with its militant support of the left during the late 1970s and the presidential candidacy of François Mitterrand in 1981. Mitterrand is the most unpopular chief of state in France since World War II; *Le Monde* has been held partially responsible for helping him into office.

Second, a series of bad business decisions during the paper's era of prosperity in the 1970s laid a shaky financial foundation. *Le Monde* purchased a spanking new printing plant and refused to let competitors use it; the press is now obsolete and runs at one-third capacity. As profits increased by 40 percent between 1970 and 1980, salaries jumped. A typical journalist at *Le Monde* earns 50 to 60 percent more than the industry average. The paper is labor intensive at a time when other publications have gone the high-tech route: it takes an average of 11.5 workers to produce one page of *Le Monde*, compared to 2.5 at *Ouest-France*, a provincial daily with the largest circulation in the country.

But the real dilemma at *Le Monde* is more complex, and it serves as an eloquent metaphor for the failure thus far of the Socialist government that the paper helped bring to power. *Le Monde* is owned almost entirely by past and present employees: its founder, Hubert Beuve-Meury,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and a small group of friends and family control 40 percent of its stock; the society of editors has another 40 percent; the chief administrator and other staff members hold the other 20 percent. In the days of prosperity, the system worked well. But now *Le Monde* needs at least $10 million to erase its debts, and none of the shareholders can deliver.

At the same time, bickering among the editors has produced a kind of institutional inertia. The editors have a de facto veto power on initiatives from the chief administrator, and have resisted proposals for change. Last December André Laurens, the administrator since 1982, proposed an austerity plan that included lowering salaries across the board by 15 percent, closing one of the heavily unionized printing plants, and selling the paper's headquarters. The paper's employees struck for two days in protest, forcing a shutdown for the first time ever. One week later the editors voted down the plan, and Laurens resigned.

IT WASN'T ALWAYS this way. Founded immediately after World War II as a successor to *Le Temps*, which had been tainted by collaboration with the Nazis, *Le Monde* was decidedly independent of big money and whichever government happened to be in power. Founder Beuve-Meury was a left-leaning thinker who did not like capitalists; hence his desire to set up an employee-owned enterprise. But above all, Beuve-Meury had a reputation for objectivity and a strong news sense that he instilled in his journalists. "He might disagree with you, but he would always print what you wrote as long as it was good journalism," says Jean-Jacques Servan-Schreiber, an editorial writer for *Le Monde* in the early 1950s who founded the weekly newsmagazine *L'Express*.

The Beuve-Meury ethic of informed analysis and tough reporting produced a number of memorable scoops that established *Le Monde* as France's leading paper. In 1953, for example, Prime Minister Joseph Laniel dispatched his defense minister and army chief to Washington to request nuclear weapons with which France could repel the Communist forces besieging the city of Dien Bien Phu in the French colony of Vietnam. Secretary of State John Foster Dulles agreed, but President Eisenhower reportedly told Dulles and the French envoys that they had "lost their heads," and sent them off empty-handed. *Le Monde* broke the story, deeply embarrassing the Laniel government. Its biting editorials against the French presence in Vietnam are given much credit for Laniel's subsequent downfall and the brief rise of Socialist Prime Minister Pierre Mendes-France. For years the paper also led the fight to get France out of Algeria.

Throughout the fifties, sixties, and early seventies, *Le Monde* established a reputation as an activist, passionate paper that cleverly critiqued a succession of right-wing governments without falling into the trap of left-wing dogmatism. It became not only France's paper of opposition, but also its paper of record. Circulation rose steadily, from an average of 125,000 in 1950 to a peak of about 450,000 in the mid-1970s. In 1968, the year of the student revolts in Paris, daily sales of *Le Monde* sometimes hit 800,000 copies.

But Beuve-Meury's anticapitalist stance also molded the anti-Americanism of the intelligentsia. "*Le Monde*, together with Jean-Paul Sartre, bears much of the responsibility for the movement among intellectuals for French neutralism. They made it a fashion to be anti-American," claims Servan-Schreiber. The paper came out against French participation in NATO and the creation of a unified European Defense Force, and greatly influenced the government's decisions on those questions. The editors supported the return of Charles de Gaulle in 1958, despite their opposition to much of his domestic policy, because he advocated a strong, independent France. Over the years, editorials pooh-poohing the cultural revolution in China and the Khmer Rouge in Cambodia underlined the drift of this fashion. Today that fervor is to be found mostly in the paper's supplement on foreign affairs, *Le Monde Diplomatique*, a richly informative advocate for Third World interests.

If *Le Monde* is to survive, it will have to abandon its disdain for making a profit. It seems to be moving in the right direction. The editors reportedly have agreed to relinquish 15 percent of their holdings to outside investors, prodded by André Fontaine, the managing editor chosen by the editors on January 16 to succeed Laurens as chief administrator. (Prior to his election, Fontaine denied that such a plan exists, probably because he did not want to harm his prospects for winning Laurens's job; indeed, many editors remain terrified of losing any control to outsiders.) One thing is clear: without new money, the paper is certain to declare bankruptcy. A vote by the editors to modify the paper's statutes and allow for outside participation—no mean feat in these times of editorial dissent—might sacrifice certain cherished principles, but would protect the paper's future. "People are starting to understand that money, which we've tended to look down upon, may just be the price of continued independence," says associate managing editor Jean-Marie Dupont.

EVEN IF the editors resolve the money problem, questions of content remain. *Le Monde* has yet to address the fact of a changing readership, which is ultimately more important than its ties to Mitterrand. Circulation began to drop in 1979, well before Mitterrand's election. Dupont believes that many readers, discouraged by what then appeared to be the final breakup of the French left, the second oil shock, and the deterioration in U.S.-Soviet relations, began to reject the paper's activist stance. "We had always been a paper for the actors in society, those who became involved," he says. "By the late 1970s, there was a feeling that France would be in a crisis for the long run, and that activism just wasn't worth it anymore." Interestingly, circulation rose briefly following Mitterrand's surprising victory, but dropped again as the government fell into disarray.

Dupont's thesis is bolstered by the dramatic success of an irreverent, left-of-center daily called *Libération*. *Libé*, as

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

it is known, is a flashy, with-it publication that blends serious political analysis and news coverage with articles on crime—usually the province of tabloids—and the Me Generation's world: rock music, discotheques, fashion, and consumer goods. Unlike *Le Monde*, *Libé* comments on the world around it in a detached, slightly cynical way, as if to say, "everyone's crazy, but there's nothing much we can do about it." In comparison, the austere *Le Monde*, which runs no photographs and relies on a dull layout, seems boring. But though the heart of *Libé* is the gloss of society, the paper has garnered respect for competent and objective news reporting—*Le Monde*'s old reputation.

The lesson: *Le Monde* will have to change a little with the times, perhaps adopting a looser, more contemporary style and giving added coverage to the noninstitutional aspects of French life. Michel Tatu, a leading editorial writer, wants to add several sections to the weekend edition on subjects like sports and culture in emulation of the Sunday *New York Times* and create a morning edition as a means of attracting new readers. Both initiatives will mean higher production costs, but the crisis seems to have given at least some of the editors a new business sense. Many of them talk of diversifying *Le Monde*'s business activities by establishing a book publishing subsidiary, venturing into telecommunications, and setting up information banks for academic and public use. Even promotional gimmicks like bound volumes of the paper's best front pages and T-shirts bearing the *Le Monde* logo are no longer beneath consideration.

Le Monde's troubles seem to have had little effect on most of its readers. Every afternoon clusters of loyalists gather at kiosks around Paris, paying four francs for their copy of the paper. It still has a hefty circulation of about 360,000 (compared to about 125,000 for *Libé*) and remains the country's newspaper of reference. As Tatu says, "We have the best journalists around. We just have a lousy administration." Such blunt self-appraisal is heartening, and, perhaps, the first step on the road to renewal.

ANTONY J. BLINKEN

Stalin outwitted FDR, and the West still pays.

FORTY YEARS AFTER YALTA

BY ADAM B. ULAM

THE SHADOW of Yalta still hovers over Europe. When Solidarity was repressed in December 1981, the chancellor of West Germany, Helmut Schmidt, excused the Polish Communist regime's action by citing the alleged fact that the United States, Great Britain, and the Soviet Union had agreed at Yalta that East Europe should be a Soviet-Communist preserve.

Especially to East Europeans, the word Yalta—the former Crimean resort of the Russian imperial family—has a sinister ring, just like the word Munich. As at Munich in 1938, Western democracies at Yalta in 1945 retreated under pressure from a totalitarian power, and pusillanimously abandoned their friends and principles. Forty years later, there is still neither peace nor war in Europe.

The indictment continues: the dereliction of Great Britain, and especially of the United States, had nefarious consequences for countries outside Europe as well. It was in the Crimea that the Western powers asked—quite needlessly, it turned out—for Soviet help in the war against Japan. And they had no compunction about promising to compensate the Soviets for this help, mostly at the expense of their absent Chinese ally. And thus at the price of a few days' fighting, the Soviet Union was able, six months later, to render significant help to Mao which later enabled his forces to conquer the Chinese mainland. The Soviets' brief intervention in the Far Eastern war also led to Communist rule in North Korea, with dire consequences for the world.

For many, even in this country, and not only on the right, it was at Yalta that the United States lost the peace. The ailing president was maneuvered by Stalin into agreements that destroyed hopes for a really peaceful and orderly postwar world.

During its brief flowering, the revisionist school presented a drastically different version of Yalta. American diplomacy at the conference, far from being naive and ill-informed, was judicious and alert. Far from frittering away the fruits of victory, the United States laid there the foundations of what *could* have been a stable and equitable peace based on mutual trust between East and West. After

Adam B. Ulam is Guerney Professor of History and Political Science and director of the Russian Research Center at Harvard University. His most recent book is *Dangerous Relations: The Soviet Union in World Politics, 1970-1982* (Oxford University Press).

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FDR's death, however, American policymakers repudiated the spirit of Yalta, and attempted to deny the Soviets the deserved fruits of the joint victory. Those anti-Soviet policies, in turn, increased Moscow's feeling of insecurity, provoking repression at home and in East Europe, and an ominous isolationist attitude toward the West. Hence the cold war.

WHO IS RIGHT? For a start, it is important to recall the background of the week-long conference, which opened 40 years ago on February 4. The war against Germany had been all but won. Surrender was expected, perhaps within weeks. There was no doubt that Japan also would be defeated, but the end of the Pacific war was not yet in sight.

Roosevelt, Churchill, and Stalin met at Yalta for two major reasons. First, there was a need to resolve disputes over the postwar settlement on the continent, and over the projected organizational framework and powers of the United Nations. Second, the United States felt it was imperative to bring Russia into the war against Japan.

In hindsight, of course, Soviet intervention was unnecessary. But in February 1945, the United States could not be absolutely sure that the fission bomb would work, still less that it would prove to be the frightful weapon that would abruptly terminate the Pacific war. The only way to compel Tokyo to surrender, Washington believed, was through a massive land invasion of the Japanese homeland, mounted after the finale in Europe. The Joint Chiefs of Staff firmly believed that the Soviet Union ought to be brought into the war, to reduce a potentially huge cost in American lives, and to shorten the final phase of the conflict.

As to the other topics of the conference, each of the three chief participants brought his special anxieties. President Roosevelt was mainly concerned about the U.N. He worried that the Soviet Union might still refuse to join, or would do so only on conditions that would make the world organization, like the late League of Nations, ineffectual and unacceptable to the American public. If so, Roosevelt feared, the United States might revert to isolationism and peace might be ephemeral, as after 1919. To induce Stalin to go along with his plans for the U.N., Roosevelt was ready to go quite far in conceding to Soviet views about Germany and Poland. He also was eager to dispel any suspicion his host might have that the Western powers were "ganging up" on the Soviet Union over the postwar settlement.

Churchill's worries centered on Europe. Great Britain had fought for more than two centuries against the domination of the continent by a single power, something which now threatened to happen. And that danger would increase if Germany was permanently enfeebled, while all of East and Southeast Europe found itself behind what he later called the iron curtain. It was agreed at the conference that after the victory, Germany would be divided into occupation zones, yet no one, including Stalin, could have anticipated that 40 years later, the country would still be partitioned.

Earlier, at the Big Three meeting at Teheran in November 1943, it had been tentatively agreed that Poland should be compensated, at the cost of Germany, for those Polish territories the Soviet Union had acquired under the Molotov-Ribbentrop agreement, and which it now proposed to retain. Churchill, who then had incautiously agreed to "move Poland" westward, now contemplated with a sinking heart the probable consequences of such a move. Germany would be stripped of some of its richest agricultural land and much of its mining wealth. Seven or eight million ethnically German refugees would become an intolerable burden on the rest of the truncated country. Its economy would be crippled for decades, with ominous consequences for Western Europe, and with communism the likely beneficiary.

Stalin managed to keep his own worries to himself. The main one was how debilitated the Soviet Union would be compared to the United States. His nation already had lost 20 million lives and its economy was in a shambles. It could not be expected to recover for at least a decade. In contrast, the war had catalyzed the enormous military and economic power of the United States, which would emerge from the conflict barely scratched, with its industrial output accounting for more than half of the entire world's.

Stalin's negotiating tactics might be best described in military terms: you attack your protagonist at a crucial spot, break through, and then, by unremitting pressure there and feints and diversions elsewhere along the front, you enlarge the bridgehead until the opponent calls a retreat. Then comes the time for an offensive all along the line.

AT TEHERAN the Soviets had established such a bridgehead, on the most contentious and crucial issue at Yalta: that of "moving" Poland. After that it was no longer a question merely of Poland's future borders, but also of its government. In 1943 the Soviet Union had broken off relations with the legitimate Polish government in London. When the Soviet armies reached Poland, the Kremlin installed a group of Poles more to its liking as a quasi-governmental committee in Lublin. Shortly before Yalta, the Soviet Union recognized this group as the provisional government of the country. Stalin fended off Roosevelt's rather feeble protest by arguing that since the recognition had been voted upon by the Soviet Union's highest constitutional body, the Supreme Soviet, he was powerless to reverse it!

Roosevelt thought at first he could still change the arrangements for Poland, pleading that "it would make it easier for me at home if the Soviet government could give something to Poland," a rather quaint way of asking the Soviets to take *less* from Poland. Stalin rose to the occasion: he himself would be in trouble politically if his people thought he did not champion their cause vigorously enough. The final communiqué of the conference allowed the Soviet Union to retain the land it secured by agreement with the Nazis in 1939; Poland's western borders were to

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

be established later, but the presumption was that they would cut deeply into pre-1939 Germany.

And now for the offensive: to make Britain and the United States abandon the London-sponsored Polish government and recognize the Soviet-sponsored one. In storming the Western ramparts, Stalin appealed to his allies' democratic sentiments: after five years of exile, the London group was out of touch with the people; anyway, it was mostly fascist. (In fact it included representatives of all the major parties in interwar Poland, including Socialists, and enjoyed an overwhelming support among the Poles.) Churchill asked: Shouldn't British and American observers be first sent to Poland to report on what is going on? Stalin retorted: the Poles are a proud nation. They would resent foreign interference. Roosevelt would have liked some of the Lublin Poles brought to Yalta for an inspection. Stalin said that, unfortunately, for the moment the Soviet authorities could not locate them. Wearily, the British and Americans conceded the main point. The Lublin group would be the nucleus of the future government, to be augmented by a few political leaders from Poland and abroad, their democratic virtue to be certified by a commission chaired by Stalin's foreign minister, Vyacheslav Molotov. A cleaning-up operation still remained, but the battle had been won.

WHAT MADE THIS success possible were the Russians' concessions on the issue closest to Roosevelt's heart: the United Nations. The Soviets previously had held firmly to the position that each permanent member of the U.N. Security Council should have the right to veto any of its procedures and decisions. On February 7, Molotov suddenly announced that the Soviet Union agreed that procedural questions in the council should be decided by a majority vote, and that a permanent member would not be able to veto discussions of a dispute to which it was a party. For Roosevelt this was "a step forward which would be welcomed by all peoples of the world."

Until Yalta the Russians had insisted that all the 16 constituent republics of the Soviet Union should be represented in the General Assembly, an arrangement that might have jeopardized the chance of the U.N. Charter passing the Senate, or led to demands that the United States should have 48 seats. Now Stalin also abruptly announced that the Soviet Union would be content with just three seats for the Soviet Union as a whole, the Ukraine, and Byelorussia. The United States, he generously added, could also have three places, if it so desired.

A quick-witted Western delegate might have inquired why 8 million Byelorussians deserved such considerations while 100 million Great Russians did not. But so great was the relief on the American side that no one was inclined to ask embarrassing questions, or to be obdurate about the remaining questions on the table. The dangerous rents in the Grand Alliance had been repaired, the cordial partnership among the Big Three had been reaffirmed. That was the main thing for the U.S. policymakers, and by this time Churchill, having very largely accepted Roosevelt's leadership when it came to dealing with Russia, felt constrained, even if groaning inwardly, to go along with the president.

TODAY WE MAY feel inclined to laugh or cry at some of the incidental glimpses of American diplomacy at Yalta. The president, so successful in dealing with political bosses at home, tried to mellow Boss Stalin. At one time he avowed to his host the belief that it "was difficult to have any prejudices—social, religious, or otherwise—if you really knew people," to which the dictator, who counted among his victims close relatives and friends, readily assented. Peace, Roosevelt felt, would be made more secure if the Soviet Union and the pope were on speaking terms. Hence the incongruous presence in the American delegation of Ed Flynn, the Democratic boss of the Bronx, who called at the Vatican on his way home.

But was Yalta *the* place of the Great Betrayal (or Deception)? No. The division of Europe resulted from a whole series of events: Soviet usurpations, Western sins of omission and commission, as well as sheer accidents—all going back to 1943 and continuing through 1947. Yalta was simply one stage. As for China, Yalta mattered far less in Mao's ultimate victory than other factors such as the ineptitude of the Kuomintang.

Were Stalin's games an indication of his low esteem for the democratic statesmen? Not exactly. He genuinely admired Churchill, and his behavior at Yalta testifies to his conviction that Roosevelt, though visibly failing, would be a formidable adversary if aroused. The correspondence between them during the few weeks between the conference and Roosevelt's death suggests strongly that he was beginning to take the true measure of Stalin's designs. Had Roosevelt lived out his fourth term, the course of events might have been different.

But Stalin did perceive that the democracies, unless provoked beyond endurance, had little staying power when it came to bargaining about what should come after the victory. How many people in America would have approved a drawn-out dispute with the Russians for the sake of some Polish politicians with unpronounceable names? How many in 1945 would have had patience with the argument that Tokyo could be made to surrender within a year or so after V-E Day through a blockade and aerial attacks, and that neither an invasion of the Japanese homeland nor a Soviet intervention were needed?

One American action that had the most damaging consequences was Roosevelt's statement that U.S. troops could not be expected to remain in Europe for more than two years after Germany's capitulation. This was a signal that the Russians needn't take seriously the Western powers' solemn pledge that the nations liberated from the Nazi yoke must be allowed to determine their own fate through free elections. Impatience, whether to bring the boys home or to settle the issues in dispute in a hurry, was a dangerous tendency when it came to negotiating with the likes of Stalin. But both Roosevelt and Churchill realized that once the guns were silenced, they would cease being war leaders enjoying unquestioning support of their peoples and

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

become once more politicians, subject to pressures and whims of public opinion.

It is almost superfluous to add that the American officials were very badly informed about the political system headed by their intimidating host. People in the State Department such as George Kennan and Charles Bohlen (who was present at Yalta) had considerable knowledge of the Soviet Union, but they were still in junior positions. When the Soviets' policies in East Europe became more arbitrary following the conference, Secretary of State Edward Stettinius wondered whether this could be because "Marshal Stalin had difficulties with the Politburo when he returned to Moscow, for having been too friendly and for having made too many concessions to the two capitalist nations."

And so, without exaggerating the importance of what happened at Yalta, we still ought to ponder its lessons, for some of them are relevant today when the United States is about to embark on yet another predictably complex series of negotiations with the Soviet Union.

Black Jews and the meaning of Zionism.

BROTHERS AND KEEPERS

BY LEON WIESELTIER

There is no greater obligation than the redemption of captives, for the captive is like the hungry and the thirsty and the naked, and stands in danger for his life.

—Maimonides, *Laws of Gifts to the Poor*, VIII, 10

THE THWARTING of conscience is an old story, but the twentieth century has thwarted it especially keenly. It has provided instruments of rescue and relief without precedent; but the masses of the suffering, whose numbers are also without precedent, and some of whose torments, too, are without precedent, are rarely rescued and relieved. Technology has served the evil more efficiently than the good. Inhumanity has been modernized; humanity less so. Thus we experience a historic frustration. By now the lament is familiar; there exists already a tradition of lament. "Our sense of impotence," William Shawcross wrote in his study of the inadequacy of the world's mercy for Cambodia, "seems to grow in direct proportion to the spread of our knowledge." He proceeded to document the extent to which the wretched Cambodians were trapped between the indifference of public opinion and the interest of certain states in the political uses of disaster. Indeed, after Cambodia, after Biafra, after Auschwitz, the helplessness of the bystander has become as much a commonplace of the benevolent consciousness as the helplessness of the victim. The possibility of action seems always remote. Instead there is talk—fine talk, pained talk, true talk, endless talk, most of it in the international institutions of talk. And all of it—the bureaucrats' position papers and the writers' historiosophical reflections on the limits of human powers—amounts to a patience with suffering. And so we stand prepared for the next horror, prepared, that is, for its success and our failure; we stand ready with our guilt before the fact for after the fact, ready with our words. There is something a little sickening about this talent for sorrow.

For this reason Operation Moses constitutes a kind of moral and political epiphany. The Israeli airlift of the Jews of Ethiopia has brilliantly exposed the sorry state of contemporary humanitarianism, and embarrassed it. And it has exposed and embarrassed some of the world's favorite lies, which are its lies about Zionism and the meaning of the Jewish state. Operation Moses is an essential event, in that it discloses essences: the essence of the obligation to assist, and the essence of the national movement of the Jewish people.

First the facts. There are now 12,500 Ethiopian Jews in Israel. During the past two months 7,500 of them arrived on 35 flights from Europe, to which they had been brought from Sudan, to which they had trekked on foot through the wilderness of Gondar in northern Ethiopia. The average age of the immigrants was 14. One man carried his old father on his back all the way to Khartoum, like Aeneas. Within 24 hours the falashas (the word is old Ethiopic for "stranger"; these Jews never use it to describe themselves, however, but prefer to call themselves *beta Isra'el*, "the house of Israel") were given Israeli citizenship and issued identity cards. This was in accordance with the Law of Return of July 5, 1950, that sublime symbol of Jewish self-help, which states that "every Jew has the right to immigrate to the country." Full stop. The operation cost $100 million, much of it provided by American Jewish organizations and individuals. It was a kind of open secret. But its disclosure in the press (the head of the Jewish Agency shot his mouth off in a Washington speech and the editor of a

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Washington Jewish newspaper lost his senses) forced its cancellation; the Sudanese government had been caught in a shameful effort to save Jewish lives. About 6,000 more Jews remain in Ethiopia, and it is doubtful that they will escape the starvation (and the hostility, which predated the famine, of the mean pro-Soviet satrapy that rules the miserable country).

THERE IS A Hebrew term that is hard to translate. It is *bitzu'ism*. An accurate and awkward English equivalent would be "implementationism." During the 1930s and 1940s there was a notion called "practical Zionism," which conveys a bit of the temper of the term. It lies very deep in the psyche and the political culture of Israel. To call somebody a *bitzu'ist* is to pay him or her a very high compliment. The *bitzu'ist* is the builder, the irrigator, the pilot, the gunrunner, the settler. In the history of the Jewish state the *bitzu'ist* is really a social type: crusty, resourceful, impatient, sardonic, effective, not much in need of thought but not much in need of sleep either. None of the ideologists of Zionism, and there were many, expounded upon *bitzu'ism*; indeed, its importance lies precisely in its proud indifference to ideology. It is, rather, the idea of getting things done promoted to the status of a principle. It is a belief in action, but not the sort that offends. The *bitzu'ist* is not interested in proofs of the national will or anything else occult. He is interested solely in results.

The intensity of the Israeli passion for activism undoubtedly owes something to the rather mixed consequences of Jewish quietism through the ages. For centuries the Jews had dreamed of deliverance, but they were not delivered. Now they would become deliverers. *Bitzu'ism* was developed late in the day as an attitude toward emergency. The proposition is that there is only one thing to be done about an emergency, and that is to end it; and that there is only one people that can be relied upon to end it, and that is your own. Startlingly simple, but startlingly rare. In the aftermath of the Holocaust, for example, tens of thousands of smashed-up Jewish survivors found themselves in displaced persons camps in Europe; and tens of thousands more in refugee camps in Cyprus, warmed by the same sun as Palestine but forbidden by the British to find respite there. Jewish leaders had a decision to make. They could orate and agitate: mount demonstrations, draw up lists of demands, dispatch letters to the editor, convene conferences, make representations to third parties, and so on. None of it violated any law, or any code of international behavior; but none of it was of any profit to the people in pain. Or they could, under cover of night, sneak their fellow Jews onto boats and sail them to the Levantine shore and smuggle them across the beaches. All in contravention to many things, except survival. The decision was easy. Make the protestations, and make them again; but also arrange the border crossings, establish the transit stations, obtain the food and the clothing, find and repair the ships, and extract these men, women, and children from their misery. The illegal immigration of 1946-47 was one of the major achievements of the Jewish Agency, and the antecedent of Operation Moses.

For Jews, Jewish suffering is insufferable: that is the controlling Zionist notion. I say "for Jews" not because non-Jews should not care about Jewish suffering, but because non-Jews often have not cared. Self-reliance is a perfectly rational conclusion to be drawn from the time-honored Jewish enterprise of looking to others for protection. And I say "Jewish suffering" not because the suffering of non-Jews is a matter of indifference. Of course it is not. That the philanthropic behavior of the Jews in Israel and elsewhere extends beyond the confines of the community needs no proof. In Ethiopia, Jewish efforts have been significant. The Joint Distribution Committee, an American Jewish refugee relief organization, has fed up to 400,000 people in Gondar, and dispatched many tons of clothing and medical supplies. And of course Jews are prominent in the general relief organizations, too.

Yet no explanation should be necessary for taking care of one's own. The community is not the only moral unit; but it is a moral unit. Moreover, the alternative is never between helping your own and helping everybody. Universalism, if the truth be told, is usually an alibi for inaction, accompanied by a moral thrill. In the real world the position of the universalist usually comes to this: that nobody be saved unless everybody be saved. To be sure, it is neither easy nor enviable to choose from among the suffering. But practically speaking, there is no such thing as universalism. It is impossible to help everybody. A commitment on the part of many communities to help their own, on the other hand, adds up to many people helped.

BEFORE there was the claim that Zionism is racism (tell it to the black Jews falling on their knees and kissing the tarmac), there was the claim that Zionism is dead. It died, the argument went, when it succeeded, that is, when the state was created. There is a sense in which this is true; but it is not true for all the Jews in the world. Zionism is dead only for the Jews who do not need it. For the Jews of Ethiopia, or the Soviet Union, or Syria, Zionism is alive, alas. Operation Moses has had the effect of clarifying a classical meaning of Zionism: there must exist a state for which Jews need no visas. (The corollaries are that the state must be secure, and that there must be a Jewish majority, so that no impediment from within the state is ever put before Jews seeking refuge.) The obituaries for Zionism, in other words, are one of the great luxuries of Jewish history. They tell most about those Jews who make them, about the safety they enjoy in Israel and the democratic nations of the West.

The Israeli rescue clarifies something else as well: the nature of the Jewish identity fashioned by Zionism. It has been said (rather eloquently by William Safire) that Operation Moses is a demonstration that the fact of religion exercises Jews more than the fact of race. This is only half right. The fact of race certainly counts for nothing; the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

color blindness of Jewish nationalism has been established. But it was not religion that drew the Israelis to the falashas. What little we know of the religion of the falashas shows a Judaism that is old and odd, that has only the most attenuated relationship to the precepts and the practices of the rest of the Jewish world. Indeed, the fascination of the falashas for the student of Judaism lies precisely in their dramatic religious distinction. They are the last survivals of a fundamentalism that the rabbis since the early Middle Ages feared most: they are Jews without a Talmud. All they share with the Jewish culture that is absorbing them is the Torah, the five books of Moses, which they interpret quite literally in their rituals, and some of the other books of the Hebrew Bible. Wolf Lesnau, an intrepid scholar who visited the falashas in the late 1940s, describes these Jews slaughtering animals for sacrifices.

The Torah that the falashas possess, moreover, is not in Hebrew, but in Gez (old Ethiopic). They know almost no Hebrew. The little they do know, however, holds the key to the bond between the ancient villagers and their modern saviors. Lesnau discovered the falashas in command of only seven Hebrew words—five names for God, torah, and goyim. Goyim, in the bush! This Hebrew word for non-Jews is not a term of abuse, and never was; it is simply an expression of a collective feeling of difference, of the sentiment of a people apart. Lesnau also discovered falasha schoolchildren in Ambworo singing Hatikvah, the national anthem of Israel. Five- to 13-year-old Amharic-speaking urchins intoned ("their intonation was peculiar") the high Hebrew rhymes to the tune more or less stolen from Smetana. Surprising enough. But this was in 1947, a full year before the song became the anthem! Still, it had reached them. They were barely Jews, then; but they were, in a raw and rudimentary way, Zionists.

IT WAS NOT religion that inspired Operation Moses. It was a strenuous sense of peoplehood. They called themselves Jews and they longed for Zion: that sufficed. For such people the Jews of Israel would take risks. To such people they had an obligation. Small wonder, too, that it was Menachem Begin who in 1977 began to take steps for the transfer of this handsome and curious population to the Jewish state. It was among the strengths of Begin's weaknesses, this dumb devotion to every last Jew, this "potato love," in Saul Bellow's phrase, for his people, this crude but powerful feeling that a Jew is a Jew is a Jew and that is all Jews need to know. The Israeli intervention on behalf of the falashas provides the most dramatic illustration since the early years of Israel, when virtually all the Jewish populations of the Middle East and North Africa were brought to Israel "on eagle's wings," of the fundamental hypothesis of national Jewish identity: that a Jew from Ethiopia or Yemen has more in common with a Jew from Poland or France than with a non-Jew from Ethiopia or Yemen. It is a scandalous suggestion. It is both true and false, obviously. To the extent that it is true, Israeli society works. To the extent that it is false, Israeli society does not work. The brutal ethnic tensions of recent years are owed in good measure to the neglect of these differences among Jews. Still, they have not yet vanquished the similarities—or, more to the point, the sense of the similarities. It is the consciousness that counts. These Jews will live together exactly as long and as well as they feel that they should live together.

I DO NOT mean to prettify. Almost no Jews emigrated to Israel from Ethiopia until the Ethiopian revolution of 1975. Like other Jews in other diasporas, they required the prod of persecution. Moreover, there can be no doubt that the new immigrants will quickly be faced with terrible problems; they are goat farmers landed in a state-of-the-art modern polity. And they will be faced with terrible prejudices; Zionism may not be racism, but racism is racism. They may find that they are most welcome in the settlements of the West Bank, for which they may provide a new and sorely needed fund of settlers; 15 Ethiopian families are already installed in Kiryat Arba, the Jewish neighborhood in Hebron. (The State Department has "expressed concern" about these few lucky pawns of the Israeli right, but it is silent about the 2,000 Jews still trapped in the Sudan.) Still, the moral beauty of Operation Moses consists in all of this being, until all the falashas are safe, beside the point. One of the characteristic features of *bitzu'ism* is a contempt for excuses, for circumstances that extenuate. Rescue first, worry later. Better the most bitter warfare within the Jewish state than ceremonies of commemoration for a lost Jewry. *Bitzu'ism* is deceptive. Behind its appearance of unreflective practicality lies a supreme moral seriousness.

As falashas stream into Israel, Palestinians are watching. No doubt their intellectuals in the West will soon complain of more of the old injustice: that strangers to Palestine will be allowed to "return" while natives of Palestine will not. Why will they never learn? Why do they take the Zionist ethic as an enemy and not an example? For there is nothing wrong with the Palestinian predicament that a bit of *bitzu'ism* could not cure. Not violence, which is the mistaken Palestinian construction of action in an emergency, and the opposite of *bitzu'ism*. Rescue, not revolution, is what the Palestinians require. Isaiah Berlin once observed that the Zionists, too, could have kept up a few refugee camps in Cyprus and made political hay. Instead they got the priorities of a national movement straight. The Arab governments have taken the other course. They have coldly gazed upon their Palestinian brothers in those shantytowns they call refugee camps and manipulated their misery. The Palestinians, in short, are given a choice. They must choose between the cynicism of the Arab governments and the pragmatism of the Jewish government. All that the Jews have done for the Jews is there for their eyes to see. The Jews have proved that happiness in half of the land is better than unhappiness in the whole. They have proved what a blessing a certain kind of action can be. They have made compassion efficient. Consider the falashas, who are *falasha* no more. □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

STANLEY KAUFFMANN ON FILMS

Regrets

When a strong director makes a wretched picture, I wish it could just disappear. Werner Herzog is such a director, *Where the Green Ants Dream* such a picture. While I was watching it, I wished that the projector were like a tape recorder with the erase button pushed. If that sounds proprietary, it's Herzog who is to blame: he made me—and many thousands—partner in his projects, through such films as *Aguirre, the Wrath of God* and *Nosferatu* and *Fitzcarraldo*. None of these films is even nearly flawless; all of them are wonderfully reckless adventures. They make me feel that I've traveled into several kinds of danger with an aesthetic explorer. The new one made me feel that I had been to a safe little do-gooder film directed by a man who had stolen Herzog's name.

Where the Green Ants Dream
(Orion Classics)

The Return of the Soldier
(European Classics)

The basic idea is *echt* Herzog: a conflict between intrusive civilization and Natural Man in a remote corner of the world. This time Herzog has journeyed to the interior of Australia, where a mining company is encroaching on the sacred lands of aborigines, doing so with legal rights given them by a government of their fellows. The aborigines tacitly and stubbornly resist, even to the point of sitting in front of bulldozers with stoic disregard of danger. The mining company presses its legal case; the natives lose, of course. This land "where the green ants dream"—ants that, in the aboriginal belief, originate and continue life through their dreaming—is to be dug up. The ants are to be dislodged, their dreaming disrupted. We do not yet know the aftermath.

But the oppositions are too pat, the very instance of confrontation is overly familiar. Excepting some of the aborigines, mysterious simply in their simple dignity, every aspect of the film is weak. Herzog's earlier films, erratic or not, struck into several kinds of new territory. Here he seems not to know how often this Australian whites vs. Australian aborigines conflict has been used before, as social drama and as emblem. Nicolas Roeg, Peter Weir, Fred Schepisi are only some of the directors who have made films on this theme. Worse, *The Green Ants* gives us not one image to compare with the visual marvels that Herzog has lavished on even his poorest previous work. It's as if he had left his visual acuity at home, even though he uses his customary cinematographer, Jörg Schmidt-Reitwein. Worst, Herzog's script misses no chance for character cliché: an earnest, gangly, young scientist who works for the company but whose heart is with the natives; a rough construction boss who wants to run right over the blacks; a company executive so blatantly wily that it's hard to believe he ever got to be an executive. Herzog has even rummaged in some old coffer of cinema picturesques and pulled out a little old lady who has lost her dog in the vast desert and is waiting for him under a parasol. Perhaps part of the script trouble comes from the fact that, apparently, Herzog wrote it in English. He speaks English fairly fluently; I've heard him at press conferences. People who speak a foreign language sometimes delude themselves into thinking they can write creatively in that language, then fall into snares that they would avoid on truly familiar ground.

The closest that the film comes to a real Herzog touch is with a two-motored plane, green because it's ex-military, which the aborigines request and which is given them as a grand sop. They don't want it for flying but as a totem of the green ants. Its fate is the closest to a valid symbol in the film.

Herzog's new film leaves me impatient for his next.

The Return of the Soldier is another kind of disappointment, acutely painful. In 1973 this director, an Englishman named Alan Bridges, made *The Hireling*, an unrecognized, masterly work of art. I've been waiting eagerly for more Bridges—not only because I hoped it would be at that level but because I hoped the next film(s) would retroactively bring the attention to *The Hireling* that it deserves. (Since then, though he has been active in British TV, Bridges has made only one theater film—in France—which hasn't been seen here.) I've tested my high opinion of *The Hireling* five or six times in the intervening years by showing it in film courses. I'm quite convinced, a conviction supported by the responses of others, that it's a sterling work, elevated to the rank of tragedy by all its elements, not least the acting of Sarah Miles and Robert Shaw.

But *The Return of the Soldier* is a muddle. Oddly, the subject has a certain resemblance to *The Hireling:* mental imbalance in an upper-class English person in or just after World War I, contrasted with the life of a lower-class person connected with the sufferer. The script derives from Rebecca West's first novel (1918) which I haven't read but which is

FILMS WORTH SEEING

Mass Appeal. Middle-aged compromise vs. youthful idealism—this time a priest and a seminarian. Decently if not deeply written; acutely acted by Jack Lemmon and Željko Ivanek. (Reviewed 1/28/85)

1984. Perfect visual texture, adequate adaptation of Orwell's grim vision. John Hurt and Richard Burton completely fulfill Winston Smith and O'Brien. (2/4/85)

A Passage to India. Forster's masterpiece is (to put it negatively) not dishonored by this screen version. Superb cast. Skillful adaptation, splendid editing and direction, all by David Lean. (1/21/85)

Stranger than Paradise. Modestly made, immodestly confident in its ease and humor. Three young people float through contemporary America. (10/29/84)

SK

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

said to show the effect of Freud on her. I can't say how faithful the script is to West: I can say that it is tenuous and slack, which *The Hireling* certainly is not. More, the new film is sentimental.

An army captain, Alan Bates, is invalided home from France with partial amnesia, caused by shell shock. His home is a great estate—he's very rich—where he lives with his wife, Julie Christie, who seems to take it as personal offense that he can't remember her, and with his patently adoring cousin, Ann-Margret. Bates insists on seeing again a woman he loved years ago, Glenda Jackson, who has long been married to a moderately comfortable man. Christie, hoping it will help Bates, reluctantly permits the invitation to Jackson. Bates and his old love relive some of their innocent youthful idylls, which he remembers perfectly. Through them, and through knowledge of identical sadnesses each has since suffered through a lost child, Bates apparently regains himself. Then he and Jackson part forever.

Though an eccentric psychiatrist, Ian Holm, visits occasionally and chatters,I suppose that the Freudian touch comes from Bates's return to health through youthful clarity induced by Jackson's presence. But the psychological drama has no force; the story is just a relic of the days when rich people's lives were taken as the prime locus of romantic suffering.

The film's best asset is Jackson, compassionate yet also humorous. Jackson has a marvelous ability to suggest nooks and crannies of character that we take mainly on trust just because she suggests that they are there. She did it in *Stevie* (1978), which was written by the same Hugh Whitemore who did this West adaptation. Since *Stevie* was so fine, Whitemore's name only heightened anticipation here.

Christie's performance is a small pleasant surprise. It has some finish and control, instead of her usual random grabs at meaning supported by sex appeal. The casting of Ann-Margret as a loyal quasi-Victorian spinster is a different sort of surprise, meant to prove, I guess, that in a dark wig and far from Las Vegas, she has dramatic power. But Bridges can't do with her what Mike Nichols did in *Carnal Knowledge:* she is little more than sincere.

Bates, too, disappoints. He has done a lot of good screen acting and, what was equally pleasurable, we could see him growing. (*The Three Sisters, A Day in the Death of Joe Egg, Butley.*) But in this role that calls for innermost vulnerability, his acting seems external. In the last scene—well shot by Bridges from a window high over the huge lawn—Bates and Jackson part in the distance. She moves off; and he walks toward the house, toward us. Someone says, "Every inch a soldier." Unfortunately, he has looked like that all through the film.

Bridges selected a cinematographer, Stephen Goldblatt, to give him the same moist fragrant English air that Michael Reed caught in *The Hireling*. The settings by Luciana Arrighi are, rightly, a touch oppressive in their luxe. But the film is hindered by some confusing editing at the start. It takes a while to understand who is who and why the fantasy scenes are there.

Bridges's new film is not a complete disaster, like the new Herzog. But, as with Herzog, it makes me doubly impatient for this director's next.

BALANCING THE BOOKS

To Reclaim a Legacy: A Report on the Humanities in Higher Education by William J. Bennett

(U.S. Government Printing Office, 32 pp., $2.50)

The sudden flurry of educational manifestos and studies that began last year continues. The focus has shifted, however, from elementary and secondary schools to higher education. *To Reclaim a Legacy*, a report on the state of the humanities in American education released in November by William Bennett, former head of the National Endowment for the Humanities and newly appointed secretary of education, is just the second entry in what promises to be a banner year for studies on the condition of American colleges.

The Bennett report may prove to have a much longer life than its competitors because it is filled with sharp criticisms rather than platitudinous exhortations, and because its author is now in the cabinet. The report attacks widespread "lifeless" and "arid" teaching in the humanities. It talks about preserving and transmitting the legacy of Western tradition to today's students, who are that legacy's "rightful heirs." It describes a "failure of nerve and faith" on the part of university and college faculty members and administrators. It calls for radical changes in the recruitment and training of scholars in the humanities. The "underpaid flunkies" who teach "service" courses in the humanities should be replaced by PhDs "broadly educated" beyond their fields, "able to ask questions of wide significance" and "prepared to teach central humanities texts to undergraduates."

The Bennett report irritates a hidden soft spot in America's colleges and universities: the poor quality of undergraduate curricula and teaching. Since World War II, talk about teaching and curriculum in the American university has gradually lost whatever marginal prestige it once possessed. Teaching strategies and lesson plans are now considered the contemptible stuff of the unsophisticated—classroom teachers below the college level. Rigor in specialization, quality of scholarship, and familiarity with current research—the "cutting edge" of a field—have become the essential and sufficient criteria for achieving status and recognition in institutions of higher education. Interest among current college students in taking courses and majoring in the humanities has dropped substantially. Meanwhile, professional journals, subdisciplines, and new approaches to scholarly inquiry and strategies for research in the humanities have all proliferated with striking rapidity.

Bennett lunges directly into how to revive the humanities and what ought to be taught. His report even specifically outlines how the humanities can best be taught. He is a believer in exposing students to the great texts of Western

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

civilization; in framing courses and subject matter in a way that reveals the continuous tradition of Western civilization. Teachers in the humanities need to transmit not only knowledge but a deep-seated affection for our common intellectual heritage and the qualities of reason and civility which Bennett believes explicitly emerge from a direct encounter with the finest products of Western culture.

The Bennett report reads like plain common sense. It argues that today's students are "members" of a society shaped by the past; that they are now being deprived of the very culture that created the past, sustains the present, and should continue to shape the future. There ought to be a "core of common study," which insures some nontrivial knowledge about "the history, literature, art, and philosophical foundations" of our civilization. And this should be available not merely in elective courses; it should be required of all students. Bennett concedes that a core curriculum might take many forms and thereby reflect wide differences in American higher education, but he expects that there would and should be "significant overlap" in what is expected of students, no matter where they went to college.

Bennett even offers a sample of the great texts he believes every college student should read. The list of authors ranges from Homer to T. S. Eliot. Only four out of 38 selections come from the twentieth century: T. S. Eliot, William Faulkner, Thomas Mann, and Martin Luther King Jr. One can quibble with Bennett's choices, but there are no clunkers in his list. In addition he calls on colleges to demand of their graduates proficiency in a foreign language, familiarity with one non-Western culture, "the most significant ideas and debates in the history of philosophy," and the history of science and technology.

SO FAR, so good. How can any responsible, civilized person object? What Bennett says sounds so sensible that it is shocking that his directive isn't already being followed (and I am afraid that Bennett's hard-hitting description of how bad things are is no exaggeration). For example, Brown University, America's "hottest" undergraduate program (Brown has the highest ratio of applicants to places of any college), prides itself on requiring nothing in common of its students. What can possibly now turn the situation around? After all, college and university administrators and faculty members are not fools or knaves, so there must be dramatic reasons behind the near universal impotence of common sense. There also ought to be some way finally to make it triumph.

BENEATH an appealing surface of self-evident truths, there are clues in Bennett's diagnoses and recommendations as to why the problem and the solution are more difficult than he ever lets on. That is not to say the caveats and criticisms which can and must be leveled at the Bennett report should in any way diminish the essential truth of what it asserts, or the urgency with which it voices its beliefs. But nothing will happen, and Bennett's recommendations will sink without a trace, unless the underlying issues are sorted out.

In the first place, are we all really "members" of a coherent culture and civilization? Bennett not only declares that a discrete, historically valid construct of ideas called Western civilization exists; he believes it should be, but no longer securely is, at the center of our lives. But do a canonical series of written texts frame a true interpretation of the essence of our culture (let alone our collective future)?

The events of the 1960s and 1970s haunt this report, which argues that a continuity of tradition and cultural achievements of the Western world is in danger in today's America. One must transmit Western civilization not only because it happens to be "our" civilization, Bennett maintains, but because what is best in it shows us the beautiful and good in a way that remains impervious to changing tastes and history. Bennett's tone is therefore entirely one of restoration.

One need not be a philistine to question the existence of a shared culture in the past of the American college and university. There is more myth and wishful thinking than fact in Bennett's historical premise—that there was a golden age of unity and vigor in American colleges before the traumas of the 1960s and early 1970s hit us. And even if one believed that something unified called a common culture once permeated our campuses, what evidence is there that education has ever managed to imbue our citizens with a common purpose which finds little resonance in the society outside of schools and colleges? Bennett speaks of the ultimate values of life that can be nurtured by a proper common education in the humanities. Yet he does so without confronting the most terrifying historical truth of the twentieth century: that in Germany, educational attainment and schooling in (and even love for) humanistic culture failed to prevent all too many from acts of unimaginable barbarism at Auschwitz and Dachau.

It is sobering to remember that what Bennett recommends has an awfully familiar ring to it. Robert Maynard Hutchins made almost the identical strategic and substantive case for a common core of humanistic studies for undergraduates in the 1930s. During the late 1930s and throughout his long career, Hutchins railed against the fragmentation of culture through excessive specialization in our universities and colleges; against the might and the symbolic lure of the sciences and their blind faith in progress. Despite much internecine strife, Hutchins rammed through a core curriculum at the University of Chicago. But he failed to set a trend for the American university in the 1930s, even though his curricular schemes and courses (which were not limited to the humanities) were far more imaginative than what are now generally considered "core" courses. Many scholars merely smiled with contempt at Hutchins's intellectual assumptions; others accused him openly of falsifying history and imposing arbitrary, authoritarian prescriptions.

NO DOUBT the problem has gotten worse. But the reasons go far beyond university policy. Bennett may believe in the continuity of culture in 1984. Others are impressed by the massive discontinuities—in culture, technology, entertainment, home life, the relations between the sexes and between parents and children; in the values of society, the place of America in the rest of the world; in attitudes to work, and to the future of mankind. It is not enough merely to assert continuity and the existence of a common culture, especially when dealing with today's college students. For there is little support outside the classroom for that tradition and culture.

If progress is to be made along the lines suggested by Bennett, the emphasis on restoration must first be discarded. A respect for tradition need not make one a reactionary or a political

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

conservative. (Why did Bennett select only George F. Will as his funnel for recommendations from the general public for the list of central texts in the humanities?) A concern for cultural conservation should go beyond mere restoration; tradition requires that the best be extended.

Bennett's emphasis on the damage done in our recent past gives his otherwise cogent exhortations a partisan political ring that limits their utility. He asserts that the humanities now are taught as "handmaidens of ideology, subordinated to particular prejudices and rejected on the basis of a certain social stance." This is a thinly veiled attack on faculty members who deny that the traditions of Greece and Rome are particularly crucial to late-twentieth-century America; on faculty whose convictions have led them to de-emphasize Tocqueville and J. S. Mill and who see more elegant rhetoric (which requires a historical gloss that cannot be obtained from the texts alone) than profound truth in *The Federalist Papers* (whose value Bennett cites more than once).

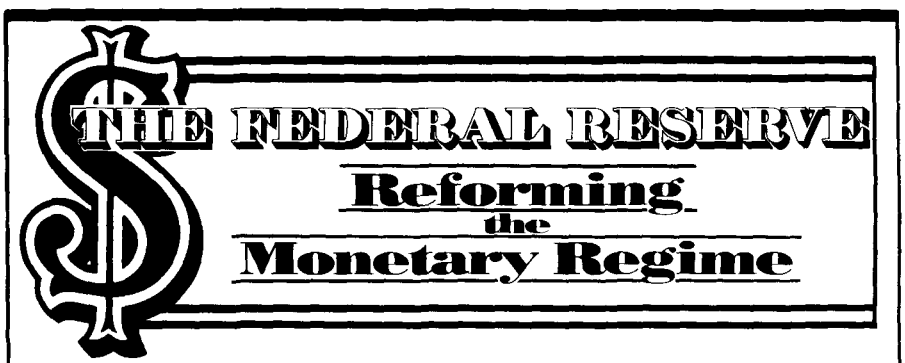
CRITICS have long asserted that what Bennett describes as the core of Western civilization is itself an ideology, an artificial selection put together to underscore certain fundamental beliefs about the individual, the relation of individual to society, the definition of freedom; about the relationship of the natural and material world to the spiritual world; and finally, about the proper principles of government. The definition and impact of the "principles of justice, liberty, government with the consent of the governed, and equality under law" on which "our society was founded," which makes us "a product" and a "part" of Western civilization—even this particular formulation of Bennett's, its rhetoric and sequence—are not accepted without question among many cultured and responsible intellectuals. The idea of great books may be a necessary part of the humanities, but hardly sufficient to satisfy the serious intellectual questions raised by the many fields of inquiry, from history to anthropology.

Why in Bennett's list are there no slave narratives, for example, no Latin American authors, no Tom Paine (and unfortunately no Edmund Burke); no W.E.B. DuBois, no modern political theory and philosophy, and not a single historian since Thucydides except for Marx? In art and music, Bennett fails to mention any figure after 1850. Must we, once again, engage in a useless battle between the ancients and the moderns?

Similarly, Bennett's endorsement, quoting John Silber, of the "civilizing" effect of the humanities raises questions. The faculties of American universities are too smart not to recognize that the intent beneath the explicit desire to "civilize" today's students is the attempt to teach the superiority and the absolute value of particular ideas and notions of political and social conduct in the aftermath of the 1960s. But the teaching of the humanities, if the tradition has any meaning at all, is about criticism and critical inquiry, not mere civility. It is about empowering a new generation to question, to change, to argue, to dispute, and even to be thoroughly disagreeable.

Socrates was condemned to death in part because he was a troublemaker and inspired young people to question "the intellectual authority" of their elders who claimed to possess sufficient traditional knowledge and wisdom about the nature of right and wrong. Although Bennett thinks all students should ask these fundamental, enduring questions: "What is justice, what should be loved, what deserves to be defended, what is courage, what is noble, and what is base?" he does not seem prepared to accept the possible consequences of a serious consideration of these questions. He argues against presenting the humanities as an interlude "where the young can chew over their failings, emote or rehash their opinions." Understandably he aims to make distinctions between good answers and mere opinion, but he also shows an intolerance for what students might come up with. He wants the great texts of Western civilization taught because he knows the answers they provide.

The excesses and barbarisms of the 1960s and the thoughtless character of today's college requirements should not obscure the fact that the argument for the humanities is not an argument for a catechism. The massive dislocation in the coherence and continuity of Western civilization and the ensuing conflict in cultural values do not date from the 1960s but more likely from the last century. Max Weber was terrified of the struggle among the competing ultimate values and social forces that threatened civilization and its coherence already at



A CATO INSTITUTE POLICY CONFERENCE
February 21-22, 1985
THE CAPITAL HILTON
Washington, D.C.

"Cato's recent conferences on money have performed a real service by promoting serious consideration of policies that have generally been ruled out of court by the conventional establishment."
—**Milton Friedman**

CATO INSTITUTE

This is your invitation to hear 23 distinguished economists and policymakers discuss Federal Reserve policy under the current monetary system and the impact of bank deregulation and monetary reform on economic stability.

Speakers include **Lawrence K. Roos, Paul Craig Roberts, Leland B. Yeager, Karl Brunner, Ben E. Laden, Richard Timberlake, Anna Schwartz, David Meiselman, Maxwell Newton, Roland Vaubel, Phillip Cagan, Lawrence H. White, William Poole,** and **Jerry L. Jordan.**

Registration for the conference, which includes all speeches, two luncheons, and a reception, is $250 ($100 for nonprofit organizations). For more information, please contact Sam Staley at (202) 546-0200. Make checks payable to the **Cato Institute, Dept. NR, 224 Second St., S.E., Washington, D.C. 20003.**

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the turn of the century. In 1985 we must address that continuing conflict and not simply erect a curricular structure that tries to camouflage or circumvent it, particularly since we are addressing an American college population that increasingly will come from homes and heritages that have remarkably little autobiographical continuity with Bennett's great tradition of Western civilization. To find new ways to introduce the great tradition and make it "relevant" is not necessarily to violate it. As in music, the tradition of texts persists in some measure because it survives conflicting re-interpretations in every generation. The Bach Mozart knew was different from the one Mendelssohn rediscovered, different from the Bach Mahler performed, and different yet again from today's Bach.

But Bennett's "J'Accuse" must be taken seriously, even though one may not share his underlying assumptions or his own version of what ought to be taught and why. Faculty and administrators should simply concentrate on the essential common sense of the report. The humanities (an artificial, bureaucratic distinction in the first place) must break out of excessive specialization and professionalization, shun arcane language, and seek to make contact with all students in the future. In this sense, Bennett's tone is an unnecessary burden. Education is by its essence conservative, for we can only transmit seriously what we value and know. The central questions—unlike their solutions—rarely change. We must correct for the political drift of the Bennett report and build on its basic intent. Students deserve the chance to engage great issues, minds, and texts.

LEON BOTSTEIN

Leon Botstein is president of Bard College.

THE BRAINY BUNCH

The Intellectual Follies: A Memoir of the Literary Venture in New York and Paris by Lionel Abel

(Norton, 289 pp., $17.95)

The Liberal Mind in a Conservative Age: American Intellectuals in the 1940s and 1950s by Richard H. Pells

(Harper and Row, 454 pp., $18.95)

Partisan Review, 50th Anniversary Issue

(884 pp., $8)

Two of these books might be viewed as the real thing, the third as an academic study of the real thing. It would be hard to find a more authentic specimen of the New York literary-political-Jewish intellectual than Lionel Abel. His memoirs begin with his very first visit to Greenwich Village in late 1929—a month after the stock market crash. The book thus spans the entire history of the tribe. *Partisan Review*, the tribe's most durable, representative, and influential totem, commemorates its fiftieth anniversary with an enlarged double issue. It is full of tributes and reminiscences as well as poetry and fiction, all from veteran contributors, many of whom are now famous; there is a one-act play by Nabokov, and excerpts from over 20 years of Lionel Trilling's notebooks.

Intellectual history has its place, of course; I do not mean to disparage Richard Pells's scrupulous effort, which exhaustively reviews the major political and cultural themes of American intellectuals in the 1940s and 1950s. Pells's focus is wider than New York (though not much wider); and he ends on an upbeat note, emphasizing the continuities between the outlook of his subjects and of more recent generations, especially the youthful rebels of the 1960s. But his book can still be read as an epitaph not only for a particular generation, but for "the" American intellectual as such. The historical conditions that produced the type have passed away. Nobody knows this better than Lionel Abel. In his closing statement, a tribute to New York City as "still the most living of all the great dying cities of the world," he deplores the absorption of all intellectual life by the universities.

Eight years ago Daniel Bell noted the relative absence of memoirs, biographies, and reflections by and about the New York intellectuals, in contrast to the profusion of material on the more recent and shorter-lived Beats and new left. No more. One might even plausibly claim that by now there has been more than enough discussion of the New York intellectuals, thanks to the autobiographical enterprises of Alfred Kazin, Norman Podhoretz, William Barrett, Irving Howe, and William Phillips; essays by Irving Kristol, Nathan Glazer, and Bell himself; biographies of Delmore Schwartz and Hannah Arendt; and now these three thoroughly dissimilar additions to the corpus, which will certainly not be the last to appear. But my own appetite, I confess, is nearly insatiable.

BELL FAILED to anticipate the flood of books and articles that lay only a year or two ahead, but he was right to observe that a marked reticence about personal life was a distinctive feature of the New York intellectuals. Irving Howe also remarked on this in his long 1968 essay on "The New York Intellectuals," the first full requiem they received. (Pells has the good sense to rely heavily on Howe's essay, still the best single treatment of its subject, as well as, I think, the best single thing Howe has written.) "Ideas" and "a hunger for culture" were what truly mattered. Arriving in New York after the war, I had never met people who were so openly and so intensely involved with ideas. Who cared who slept with whom, or who one's parents were? "The personal is the political" is not a slogan that would have appealed to them—vastly to their credit, I think, but then I was

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

much influenced by them myself. Doubtless there was something Russian in all this, with roots not only in the Russian heritage of the immigrant Jews among them, but in the politics of the 1930s when, as Lionel Abel once wrote of New York, "in its excitement and depression the city picked itself up and went to Russia."

ABEL presents a series of firsthand vignettes of intellectual and cultural scenes in which autobiographical detail nearly vanishes. Not that he turns himself into a camera, like Herr Issyvoo. Abel remains too interested in ideas for that, too didactic in manner, too much, perhaps, the son of a rabbi (one of the very few pieces of vital biographical information he deigns to provide). Russian and rabbinical maybe, but also French. There is something of the inveterate *raisonneur* about him. Vivid particulars are invoked and deployed in order to make a point, often a moral or a political point, instead of simply to give life to a remembered scene. His title hits just the right suggestive note. The theatricality of intellectuals may be savored for vitality and humor (Abel is often very funny in a low-keyed way), but their "follies," their foolishness and their irrationality, need to be exposed by a clear-eyed Montaigne.

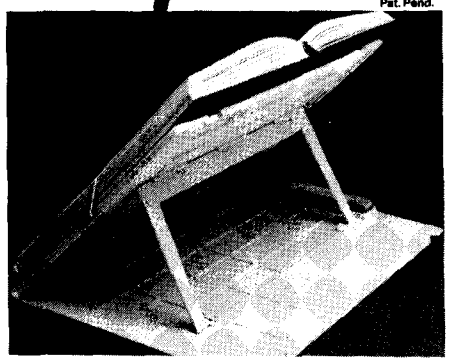
Abel's romance with France began early. He was one of the first to extol Malraux's *Man's Fate* in the early thirties. During the war he became a close associate of André Breton, and of the surrealist painters then living in exile in New York. He served as an interpreter when Sartre and de Beauvoir visited New York after the war and met with the leading New York intellectuals. Abel himself went to Paris for three years, consorting with Left Bank painters, sculptors (at least Giacometti), and radical political thinkers, and with the circle around Sartre at the height of his postwar fame (when Marcel Duchamp dubbed him the "Sartre Cathedral"). In recounting his ties with the surrealists and the existentialists, Abel calls attention to the crucial role the New York intellectuals played as the port of entry into American culture of new European ideas and aesthetic tendencies—a role that is not as salient as it should be in the *Partisan Review* anniversary issue. Inevitably, the *PR* celebrants today are largely American, the refugees having died or gone home. More important, as Abel sadly remarks, "ideas no longer hit the centers of city life, but go directly to the campuses, where they are academicized by the various faculties."

ABEL is probably right that the unity of the intellectuals, indeed their very existence as a collective entity, was bound up with their identification with the left. The very term "intellectual" had a political meaning when it was invented at the time of the Dreyfus case and used in an American context shortly afterward by William James. More precisely, what defined "the intellectuals" as a political constituency in the middle of the twentieth century was an allegiance to the left that co-existed with independence from Communist parties, the Soviet Union, and any form of doctrinaire Marxism. In the United States, as distinct from Abel's Paris in the years of the Sartrean ascendancy, anticommunism (rather than mere ambivalence toward, or wariness of, the Soviet Union) was a prerequisite. "The intellectuals" emerged as a distinctive voice carrying a certain collective authority from the end of the 1930s until the late 1960s. Pells's intellectuals are a more inclusive group than the New Yorkers, embracing scholar-policymakers like John Kenneth Galbraith and George Kennan, Washington journalists like Walter Lippmann and the editors of THE NEW REPUBLIC, and Harvard professors. But the considerable extent to which even people from these august precincts joined in common enterprises with the Jewish anti-Stalinist socialists of New York stands out in his account, and underscores the existence of a distinctive political-cultural profile. I doubt that Pells will choose to specify "intellectuals" as his subject if and when he writes a book on the political ethos of the 1960s and 1970s.

The academicization of everything and everyone (even of Abel, improbably, for a decade), the absorption of modernism by American culture, and the absence of new avant-garde geniuses, all contributed to the intellectuals' "breakup" (as Abel titles one of his chapters). But politics were the most crucial. The tension between a commitment to the left and a commitment to anticommunism proved hard to sustain, and was ultimately fatal. McCarthyism created a few strains as early as the 1950s. Not long afterward came the rise of the new left and its feeble successors, attracted only intermittently to communist states but always opposed to anticommunism and to American foreign policy since 1947. In the 1970s the neoconservatives appeared, clustering at the opposite pole, abandoning even residual loyalties to liberalism. Together these three books map, more or less successfully, these movements.

Some years ago Abel wrote that he had ceased to be a radical because he had come to realize that drastic social changes could be instituted in a short time only by tyranny. Liberal democracy may be hospitable to reformation, in short, but it is hostile to transformation, a fact rarely acknowledged, he feels, by people who identify themselves with the left. In the *Partisan Review* anniversary issue, Abel tells us that his path away from the Trotskyism of his youth has led him to a recent vote for Reagan. One may regret this—Abel seems not entirely happy about it himself. But he

Easy Reader™
Pat. Pend.



Avid readers adore EASY READER– the revolutionary new reading stand that holds even the heaviest books, freeing your hands for writing and working. Page-holder holds pages flat. No book too large. No book too small. Makes reading easy and enjoyable...reduces eyestrain and neck-strain. Choose from four positions to eliminate glare and shadows. Also folds flat to form a legal-size clipboard ...and to fit easily into your briefcase.
Makes a great gift!
Price: $14.95 @ (plus $2 postage and handling in U.S.; $3 to Canada; $3.50 to Europe or $6.50 via air).
Colors: Almond, chocolate brown, grey, white, green or red.
Money orders, checks, Visa and MC accepted (include expiration date & card number). No COD. **NYS residents must add tax.** List 1st and 2nd choice of color. Make payable to:
Mr. Footnote,
Dept. 6B, 191 Robinson Street,
Binghamton, NY 13904. (607) 724-8865.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

proceeds to criticize liberals with admirable precision for their habitual refusal to understand that domestic and foreign policy cannot be judged by the same moral standard.

YET BOTH Abel and Pells, each in his own way, get McCarthyism wrong, precisely because they fail sharply to distinguish issues of foreign and domestic policy. McCarthyism was an attempt to make political capital by redefining a tense international situation as a phony domestic problem, namely the infiltration of American society by partisans of Soviet communism. Abel and Pells perpetuate the very confusion of foreign and domestic matters on which McCarthyism itself was founded.

Abel knows that Senator McCarthy was unprincipled, an opportunist and a liar. He thinks, however, that "someone had to warn a rather complacent America of that period about the penetration of the Communists into American institutions," and that anti-McCarthy liberals ignored, and still ignore retrospectively, this need. Since Abel went to Paris for three years in late 1948, he wasn't in the country when McCarthy emerged as the scourge of Communist sympathizers in early 1950. Nor was he here when Hiss, Coplon, and Remington were found guilty of various acts stemming from their allegiance to communism, when the leaders of the Communist Party were jailed under the Smith Act, when the atomic spy ring that included the Rosenbergs was discovered and its members indicted—not to speak of developments abroad such as the Communist victory in China, the Soviet Union's acquisition of nuclear weapons, and the show trials in Eastern Europe. Now all of these events occurred before McCarthy achieved notoriety. Abel's talk about American "complacency" in 1950, therefore, is nonsense, charitably attributable to his absence from the scene, although the charge was already without foundation in 1948 when he left. Timing is of the essence in understanding McCarthyism, its effects, and the origins of the cold war.

Pells's longest chapter deals with the response of anti-Communist liberal intellectuals to these events. He concludes that "McCarthyism found its chief inspiration in the ideology of the cold war—an ideology that was constructed . . . by liberal politicians and anti-Stalinist intellectuals who were responding to what they regarded as a genuine threat from the Soviet Union." Belief in the Soviet threat assuredly gave "a perverse credibility" to McCarthyism, which would hardly have flourished on the scale it did or for so long in the absence of such a belief. But was the belief justified? Incredibly, Pells avoids answering this crucial question. Moreover, the influence he attributes to the anti-Stalinist intellectuals is staggering. Did they really succeed in imposing their animus against communism on both the Truman and the Eisenhower administrations? Did Soviet actions and pronouncements have nothing to do with the fears played on by McCarthyism? Was there no such thing as the cold war? Was there only the ideology of one?

IN THE late 1940s war with the Soviet Union seemed imminent, and in the early 1950s the United States was at war with two Communist states in Asia, one of them a major power. These circumstances, and the memories of the recent world war in which restrictions on civil liberties had been widely accepted by liberals and radicals (especially the Communists and those close to them), made a straightforward, absolutist defense of civil liberties seem an insufficient response to McCarthyism. This was true even for those like Dwight Macdonald and Mary McCarthy, admired by Pells, who finally opposed any curtailment of civil liberties. Others came to different conclusions in trying to strike a balance between the external threat from the Soviet Union and the McCarthyite ugliness at home.

To be sure, some of them look shortsighted or self-serving today. Still, they were reacting to a mix of troubled international relations and domestic politics unprecedented in American peacetime history. Pells's discussion often obscures the reality of the situation. He makes no effort, for example, to distinguish between Mary McCarthy's and Lillian Hellman's positions at the time (despite the fact that differences between them later gave rise to a long and bitter lawsuit); instead he simply praises them both. He relies heavily on books by David Caute and Victor Navasky, neither of whom experienced the period directly and both of whom have their own ideological fish to fry. Too bad, because Pells is usually judicious and accurate, and his book is generally a valuable guide to the political and social thinking of the era.

The heated conflicts over McCarthyism, and later over the new left, unfortunately, often resulted in a crude kind of categorical thinking about the left. Consider Abel's own account, often hilarious, of a meeting in 1958 of a dozen or so of the best-known New York literary intellectuals to draft a statement protesting Soviet treatment of Boris Pasternak, who had just won the Nobel Prize for literature. According to Abel, the project failed because the group, all of them anti-Stalinists of long-standing, were still prisoners of the belief that "one must in no case do anything that might be harmful to the left." Even though nobody knew then—or presumably knows now—just "what the left is," the fear, Abel says, of "damaging the left" and "dissolving intellectual unity" is greatest at precisely such moments. This is at best too clever by half. Most of the intellectuals present (some of whom have disputed Abel's account) showed no hesitation to speak out for Soviet dissidents just a few years later, at the time of the trial of Daniel and Sinyavsky.

IN THE *Partisan Review* anniversary issue Norman Podhoretz updates and extends this notion of thralldom to a mystical, indefinable idea of the left, in order to account for what he sees as the otherwise inexplicable refusal of certain intellectuals to rally to his neoconservative colors. He singles out Howe for special attention, but also mentions William Phillips, Leon Wieseltier, and myself. Suppose one happens to believe that improvements in American society are both possible and desirable; that, after nearly 40 years of cold war, criticism of American failings is scarcely likely to give dangerous aid and comfort to our Soviet adversary. Is this really enough to make one a believer in the fantasy of a righteous, undefiled left, or of "utopian dreams" that must inevitably become "the breeding ground of neutralism" in the struggle with the Soviet Union? Remember Podhoretz is not talking here about old-time Popular Fronters out of the 1930s, or leftover new leftists from the 1960s, or even latter-day Frankfurt School epigones in the universities, but about indisputably anti-Communist liberals and social democrats.

The New York intellectuals always quarreled among themselves. But reading the politically tinged reflections

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of Phillips (the survivor of the two founding editors), Bell, Howe, Glazer, Kazin, Kristol, Abel, Podhoretz, Arthur Schlesinger, Clement Greenberg, and others, as well as Diana Trilling's fascinating interview with the late Dwight Macdonald, in this thick *Partisan Review*, it is impossible to believe that this humpty-dumpty will ever be put together again. At least they all came together briefly to honor the journal that in a real sense was the mother of them all. The "end of ideology," no. The end of "the intellectuals," yes.

DENNIS WRONG

Dennis Wrong, professor of sociology at New York University, is the author of *Power: Its Forms, Bases & Uses* (Harper & Row).

LET ME DIE BEFORE I WAKE
By Derek Humphry (author of Jean's Way)
Guide to self-deliverance for the dying.
128 pp. $11 (incls. shipping)
Hemlock Society
P.O. Box 66218
Los Angeles, CA 90066

SCHOLARLY BOOKLET PROVES JESUS NEVER EXISTED!

Conclusive proof Romans (Josephus) created fictional Jesus, authored Gospels. AMAZING but **ABSOLUTELY INCONTROVERTIBLE!** Send $4 to Vector Associates, Box 6215-D, Bellevue, WA 98008. Or request details.

BOOM BUSINESS

For the Common Defense: A Military History of the United States of America by Allan R. Millett and Peter Maslowski

(The Free Press, 621 pp., $24.95)

The serious study of military history, which was one of the "casualties" of the troubled era of the 1960s and early 1970s, now seems to be rising fast on the university campuses of North America. A growing awareness of the awful importance of power (or the lack of it) in current world affairs; the existence of a new generation of students, unhampered by the "albatross" of the Vietnam War; perhaps even the Reaganite message to fellow-Americans to stand tall and admire their heritage: all of these, in their way, have influenced course enrollments in military history, strategy, international affairs, and "war and society" programs. New journals have proliferated. Newly endowed chairs in military history or strategic studies or "security studies" are being created across the country. Even the Pentagon, which in the past invested heavily in the wisdom of management consultants, sociologists, and economists to solve its myriad problems, is now sponsoring wide-ranging conferences on military history.

Whether this "boom" is entirely healthy, both in its extent and in all of its motives, is another matter. But one completely positive manifestation of the revival of military history has been the recent surge in high-quality books. Ranging from specialized studies on Renaissance fortifications or the defeat of the Luftwaffe, to broad synthetic surveys of military logistics, the changing technology of warfare, and European armies and the conduct of war, these works are both learned and exciting. Moreover, the majority of them have benefited immensely from military history's integration into the rest of the discipline, whether in "war and society" programs or some other mutation. The decisions of generals and admirals, the actions of Gustavus Adolphus's troops or of Jellicoe's battleships, are now related to the larger strategic, technological, and socio-political environment in which those armed forces existed.

Millett and Maslowki's excellent book, *For the Common Defense: A Military History of the United States of America*, is a case in point. Both authors teach courses on military history at their respective universities; and Millet in addition is director of Ohio State University's "Program in International Security and Military Affairs" at the enterprising Mershon Center. Both have already written extensively on military history before collaborating in this endeavor. Most important of all, both of them are imbued with the practices of what they describe as the "new" military history— placing the details of military operations, tactics, and generalship in the context of broad political, economic, social, and institutional trends. Battle connoisseurs, they state, "will sniff a hint of gunpowder throughout the book" when the major campaigns are dis-

TURKISH TOWELING
Wrap yourself in the luxury of authentic Turkish toweling with a GRØNN (GRUNE) SAUNA WRAP.
- Thick and absorbent
- Pure white, 100% cotton
- Made in Turkey
- 36" x 60"

$23.95 plus $2.50 postage ($1.00 for each additional.) IL residents add sales tax.
MC/VISA Orders **Call Toll-Free** (800) 323-3248 ext. 3 (In IL call (312) 393-6066)
GRØNN
28W456 Woodland Dr. Warrenville, IL 60555

TEACHERS

PUT *THE NEW REPUBLIC* TO WORK IN YOUR CLASSROOM FOR ONLY 50¢ AN ISSUE.

Now you can order *THE NEW REPUBLIC* for your students at our special reduced classroom rate. Plus we'll include a complimentary instructor's copy with each classroom order. (Minimum order 10 subscriptions, prepaid.) So give your students the benefit of *THE NEW REPUBLIC*'s timely political analysis and thought-provoking editorials.

To place your classroom order, write:

Educational Department
THE NEW REPUBLIC
1220 19th St., N.W.
Washington, D.C. 20036

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

cussed, but this is essentially not so much a study of America's wars as of the evolution of the country's military policy, the characteristics of its armed forces, and the interaction of military policy with both domestic developments and international affairs.

WHILE chronological in structure, *For the Common Defense* is not a narrative of violent actions. Instead, the early chapters on colonial America discuss such themes as the nature of the Indian "threat," the composition and effectiveness of the various militias, and the widespread suspicion of standing armies. The chapters on the Civil War sensibly begin with an analysis of the population, industrial, financial, and morale resources of each side. The chapter on the First World War spends at least as much time on the problems of mobilization, recruitment, and training as it does on the antisubmarine campaign or the St. Mihiel offensive. The Vietnam War operations are analyzed in the context of American domestic politics, bureaucratic infighting, national finances, and foreign relations. It is not merely that this contextual approach enhances the book; the fact is that the course and outcome of those military campaigns, whether in the early period or the post-1945 era, simply do not make sense unless the actions of the armed forces are set within this larger framework.

As a single-volume survey of American military policy, then, this is a splendid book, clearly written and exceedingly balanced in its assessments of operations. In their introduction and epilogue the authors make a few brief and robust remarks on the enduring themes in American military policy, but they wisely do not try to fill the book with "lessons," or to turn it into some politico-strategical critique. They leave it to readers to draw—as they no doubt will—whatever conclusions they choose from such a wide-ranging text.

My own reaction to certain of the major themes running through *For the Common Defense* evoked a mixed reaction. There has been, as the authors cleverly show, a steady growth in the professionalization of the American armed forces, especially toward the end of the nineteenth century and the start of the twentieth. This trend, together with the depoliticization of the officer corps (MacArthur being a rare exception), are surely for the common good.

On the other hand, there are persistent features in American military policy, also nicely pointed out by Millett and Maslowski, which give one pause. At least after the colonial period, the American tendency in wartime has been to rely upon a vast superiority in manpower, and especially in materiel, to ensure victory. This is clear from the North's grinding assaults through Virginia in the Civil War to Nimitz's massive carrier-based strikes across the Pacific in 1942-45. Not surprisingly, this policy has worked very well (a) when the nation has been firmly committed to fight at any cost, (b) when it possessed far greater productive resources than its opponents, and (c) when geographical distances and diplomatic circumstances allowed it to mobilize its resources at some leisure while friendly nations took the brunt of the early fighting.

Should any of these elements be missing, however, the prospects for victory could be, indeed have been, much less. The war of 1812 was an altogether less satisfactory affair than that of 1776-1783, in good part because of New England's opposition to the conflict. More recently, both the Vietnam War and the Lebanon debacle have again shown how difficult it is to conduct military operations when American public opinion is divided and political constraints are placed upon strategy and tactics. Caspar Weinberger's recent remarks indicate how seriously he, at least, takes such constraints.

BY THE same token, it may be worth wondering how effective American military policy would be in a major conflict in the future if its industrial resources were not so decisively superior to those of its foes; or if, as is quite likely, those resources were stretched across numerous theaters of war as a result of the United States's present global commitments. Would its armed forces successfully evolve a samurai ethos of fighting to the bitter end, despite being outnumbered? Could they marshal operational doctrines and personnel trained for tough, defensive fighting, which made German army units so terribly difficult to prise out of their entrenched positions even when they were so massively inferior in aircraft, tanks, and other modern weapons? Or is it an unspoken assumption of American military policy that it will always possess the decisive edge in armaments and technology?

There is no way, of course, to answer these hypothetical questions. But what clearly emerges from Millett and Maslowski's account is that the pattern of American military policy has been a very "jerky" one, when viewed over the long term. A profound popular dislike of big government and of militarism, together with the inestimable advantage of geographical isolation from really serious threats to national security, allowed the United States, from George Washington's day until Franklin Roosevelt's, to keep minimal armed forces—and thus to devote the country's resources to economic growth and personal consumption. Under those cozy circumstances, there was no need to evolve a coherent grand strategy, and the armed services could be left to quarrel over their respective shares of a somewhat meager cake. When a war crisis occurred, the "solution" was to outspend everyone else's arms production. This would not only lead to victory; it would also avoid the hard strategic choices. In the Second World War, for example, with the United States spending three or four times as much on arms as any other combatant, the chiefs of staff could have both a "Europe First" strategy and a "Pacific Offensive" strategy: no service—neither King's fleets, nor Eisenhower's regiments, nor Arnold's bomber wings, nor Vandegrift's marines—need be denied their requests, once the productive tap was turned on to full flow. Life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness having thus been assured by this impressive display of American material superiority, the United States could once again demobilize—as it did, very drastically, for a few years after 1945—and thereby reassume the "military policy" bequeathed to it by the Founding Fathers.

NOW IT may well be argued that the cold war has changed all that. The perceived global challenge from communism by the late 1940s turned the United States into a worldwide military power, with commitments and bases in every continent, and a permanently high level of defense spending. (The final three chapters of Millett and Maslowski's book detail very well this striking expansion of overseas obligations). Like Imperial Spain or the British Empire before it, therefore, America has become the status quo superpower of its day, and its military policy seems as far removed from that of Washington's or Cleveland's time as a

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Minuteman missile is from the citizen-volunteer of that name.

THERE IS much strength in those arguments. Of course the United States is a significantly different country in the international arena today than it was 50 or 100 years ago; and of course the men in the Pentagon think more globally (one hesitates to say "imperially") when formulating their strategies than General Grant needed to. But has that change in status been accompanied by a change in structure? It certainly doesn't appear so to many observers, who (although certainly not "doves") are less impressed with the Reagan defense buildup than the general public. As Robert W. Komer has wondered, can America actually evolve a coherent grand strategy, or will it simply continue to fund the inherited preferences of the rival services? Is not the Pentagon too ill equipped to think through, and act upon, a set of strategic priorities, so that—as Jeffrey Record pointed out in this magazine last year—it falls back on the nonstrategy of "defending all theaters simultaneously"?

More serious still, can a country with an essentially eighteenth-century Constitution—with many of the checks and balances of a pre-industrial, politically decentralized, and strategically isolated society—produce a decisive and coherent military policy for the coming twenty-first century, when material resources may not match all the perceived needs, and when hard choices have to be made between one service's favorite weapons-system and another's, between a tacit reduction of commitments to one ally or to another? Will the decision-making system be prejudicially affected by the incursions of a volatile public opinion, the pressures of the lobbies and of congressional and industrial interests, quarrels between the executive and the legislature, and persistent interservice rivalries—all of which, Millett and Maslowski frequently show, seem to have existed since the very early stages of American military policy?

To be sure, the United States is not alone in having "naval lobbies" which quarrel with "air lobbies"; or in having its preferred strategy deleteriously influenced by politics; or in having to face hard choices, whether over new weapons systems or foreign commitments. Which country of the world, one is tempted to ask, is not encountering problems in hammering out a viable military policy? But because the United States is, economically and strategically, the clear leader of the Western alliance, because what it does, or does not do, is so much more important than what any of the other democracies decide upon, its policies need to be more wise, more prudent (yet more firm), more unruffled and assured (yet more capable of flexibility), than those of the rest. This is an awful lot to ask of one country, but it is nonetheless true. Acts of folly by Japan, or Italy, or Australia, or even by Britain and France, may have serious consequences; but acts of folly by the United States would most likely have catastrophic results, whether nuclear war was involved or not.

Will the system that ensured military successes for a century or more up to 1945 be enough to produce that "more wise" policy in the changed circumstances of the year 2000 or 2025? Professors Millett and Maslowski are cautiously optimistic. "The history of American military policy suggests that the dangers will not disappear," they write on their final page; but "Neither will the political responsibility to face them. . . . " It would be nice to believe that they are right; but this reviewer, for one, is still keeping his fingers very tightly crossed.

PAUL KENNEDY

Paul Kennedy is Dilworth Professor of History at Yale. His latest book is *Strategy and Diplomacy 1870-1945* (Allen and Unwin).

JANGLING MAN

Who is to Blame?
by Alexander Herzen
translated by Michael R. Katz

(Cornell University Press, 293 pp., $32.50)

There are two Herzens. One is the great social and political radical who suffered internal exile and then permanent foreign exile, and published in London the first in a long line of free Russian émigré journals, the *Bell*. The other is the literary artist, the consummate stylist, no page of whose work could possibly be mistaken for that of any other nineteenth-century Russian writer. The division exists, of course, chiefly in the disparate interests of those who read him; in his own person he was splendidly integrated, writing with exquisite stylistic verve when he dealt with social and political questions and, when he wrote fiction, caring intensely, if not primarily, for the social and political aspects of his imagined world. His masterpiece is his autobiography, boringly entitled in English *My Past and Thoughts*, though that is probably the best anyone can do for the characteristic concision and strangeness of the original.

So far as fiction is concerned, Herzen was effectively a man of one book, the novel *Who is to Blame?* It is a work of the second rank—even Herzen's warmest Western admirers are content to mention it fondly rather than to dwell upon it. Still, to belong to the second rank in a literature where the first rank is defined by novels like *Anna Karenina* is to merit the attention of any serious reader.

The interrogative title promises pamphlet-style rhetoric, a genre for which Herzen was supremely gifted. In fact the novel consists largely of portraiture (and caricature) interspersed with the episodes of a rather conventional plot that is almost completely devoid of suspense or development. The rhetoric is occasionally there, to be sure, but most of it is implicit; and for all its self-consciousness as a "problem novel," most intelligent present-day readers may be excused for either not detecting or not caring what the problem is. In the USSR—where Herzen's novel, like everything else he wrote, is officially first-rate—the commentators on *Who is to Blame?* devote most of their exertions to answering the question posed in the title. For them, the problem *is* the novel, so it is perhaps

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

time to say what the problem is.

It is the same problem dealt with more or less directly by many another great Russian author. Pushkin's Onegin, Lermontov's Pechorin, Goncharov's Oblomov, Turgenev's Bazarov, to name only the most obvious characters, all belong to a type known in Russian literary studies as the "superfluous man," a theme by now so exhaustively explored that its mere mention can bring tears of boredom to the eye of the most hardened Slavist. The SM is a highly intelligent, well-educated, gifted, energetic, and (within reason) moral young man. He is thoroughly abreast of all the latest topics of scientific or cultural thought, especially that of Western Europe. Rare is the case where his author has failed to provide him with the means of living quite comfortably without lifting a finger, so he has had the leisure to employ his natural endowments in the acquisition of learning and culture. But it is precisely his leisure that he comes to find onerous and detestable, for it turns out that, once he is ready to put his talents and energy to some use, they are not wanted. To adapt today's jargon, he is terminally overqualified. Since there would appear to have been next to no superfluous *women* in the imagination of Russian writers, it is highly ironic that the most suitable motto for the SM might come from Chekhov's *Three Sisters*, where Masha laments the absurdity of "knowing three languages in a town like this."

Russian society in the first half of the nineteenth century produced, at least in its novels, an elite body of wunderkinder, and then perversely blocked their every initiative. It is hardly surprising that they were all driven into quiet frenzies of frustration and rage and eccentric behavior: trifling with the affections of innocent girls, spurning honest friendship, adhering without the least conviction (but quite lethally) to the code duello, or simply languishing for weeks in bed.

Who, then, is to blame? Put thus, the question is of course not a genuine question at all, but a sort of atmospheric utterance that invites whatever answer your particular bias wishes to supply. The Soviet critic will say that the cruel institution of serfdom vitiated society from top to bottom, spoiling even those who, in different circumstances, might have found some application for their abilities. It is possible, however, to argue that the individual himself was to blame for being a gifted nullity, since real life provided examples of such men who wrote novels, contributed to science and mathematics, did useful work, and (incidentally) successfully urged the abolition of serfdom before Lincoln got around to freeing the American slaves. But perhaps the most sensible answer of all is the resigned shrug to be seen in Isaiah Berlin's explanation: "Everything is partly the fault of the individual character, partly the fault of circumstance, partly in the nature of life itself."

The true hero of the book, for me, is not the two-legged "problem" named Vladimir Petrovich Beltov, but the unnamed narrator, the disembodied voice that is the instrument of the endlessly delightful style. Unflagging in its ebullience and gaiety, it is the reader's happy consolation through any longueur or willful irrelevance. The narrator is irrepressible. He combines the suavity and erudition of a cosmopolitan savant with the downright silliness of an adolescent. No joke, however venerable, is beneath his attention:

> Aleksei Abramovich also dispatched a horse to go with the carriage, but she suddenly died along the way, something that she had never done before during her twenty years of impeccable service in the general's stable.

As a surprise to her husband, a woman covers a sofa in chintz:

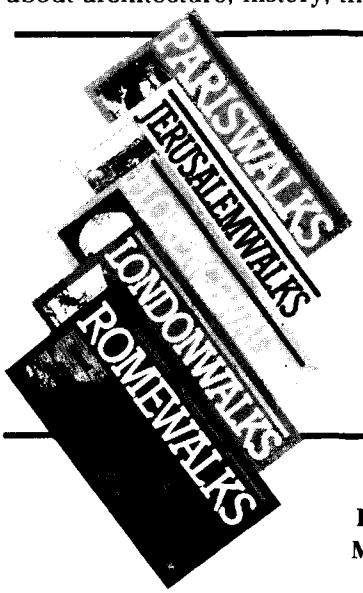
> The chintz was of excellent quality. It depicted Abraham driving Hagar and Ishmael off the sofa and onto the floor three times, while Sarah threatened them.

And here is Herzen in his Jerome K. Jerome phase, unable to resist piling on one more laugh-line:

> Her husband was the second leading man [of a troupe of French actors], but unfortunately the Petersburg climate proved fatal to him, especially after he was thrown out of a second-story window by a sergeant of the guard. . . . No doubt he had failed to take the necesssary precautions against the damp night air during his fall. From that moment on he began to cough: he coughed for two months, and then he stopped coughing, for the very simple reason that he also stopped breathing.

Michael R. Katz has provided a substantial introduction, very detailed an-

Walk through the most historic and enchanting neighborhoods of the world's great cities with these new, discriminating guides, and read about architecture, history, the arts, food, and much more . . .



"These are guidebooks for people who hate guidebooks: people who have been patronized by Fielding, bored by Fodor, exhausted by Baedeker, and dizzied by miniscule symbols and arcane abbreviations in the Michelins."
—Los Angeles Times

Each volume includes: Visitor Information and Advice • Photos • Maps • Chronology List of Selected Restaurants and Shops • Index

Available at your bookstore, or from the publisher, Holt, Rinehart and Winston, Trade Sales Dept., 521 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y. 10175

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

notations, and a helpful bibliography. The translation itself is excellent. An occasional anachronism jerks Herzen abruptly into our own day (people "crawl out of the woodwork," high-ranking officers are the "top brass," and a flea-bitten hotel even offers on its menu a "continental breakfast"), but more often than not he catches the epigrammatic wit of the original—quite an accomplishment.

CLARENCE BROWN

Clarence Brown, who teaches Russian and comparative literature at Princeton, is the author of *Mandelstam* (Cambridge University Press), among other books.

DIVINE MIGHT

Rituals and Power: The Roman Imperial Cult in Asia Minor by S.R.F. Price

(Cambridge University Press, 289 pp., $49.50)

Beloved and God: The Story of Hadrian and Antinous by Royston Lambert

(Viking, 298 pp., $19.95)

Historians of the Roman Empire have always had a problem with emperor worship. Although a modern mentality can somehow accommodate the notion of the divine right of kings, it has more difficulty in confronting the actual divinity of a ruler. Yet Augustus, his family, and his successors over many centuries were the objects of elaborate cults throughout the Roman Empire. One of America's greatest historians of Rome, Lily Ross Taylor, began her career in 1931 with a still valuable book entitled *The Divinity of the Roman Emperor*, but she never again returned to the subject in detail. She once was heard to say that anyone who studied the imperial cult for long was bound to lose his mind, and that is exactly what happened to another American scholar who did spend most of his time on this subject.

But the issue will not go away. For one thing the evidence for the worship of Roman emperors is so overwhelmingly abundant. There are innumerable inscriptions proclaiming the divinity of rulers both individually and collectively, in addition to sculpture representing emperors and their relatives in various divine guises and a fair number of sanctuaries and cult places that formed a part of the worship of the emperors. Besides all this, we have detailed records of priests and other functionaries in the celebration of the cult, and even indications of the existence of more secret rituals—the so-called "imperial mysteries." The cult of emperors, with its own local coloring in various recesses of the empire, constituted a major element of civic life in the Roman Empire. The nagging question has always been: to what extent was it a part of religious life as well?

Modern historians have found it hard to swallow the idea that enlightened citizens of Rome's empire believed, with any deep religious conviction, that their ruler and his relatives were actually gods while alive or even gods when dead. Scholarly reluctance to credit this institution on its own terms led to a consensus, promulgated most conspicuously by Martin Nilsson and Arthur Darby Nock, according to which the worship of emperors was explained largely as a mechanism for expressing, strengthening, and perpetuating loyalty to the regime. This political interpretation depended upon another view that had attained currency in the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries, namely that rationalist thought and internationalized political life had impoverished the old religions of Greece and Rome and left some kind of vacuum. The vacuum was supposedly filled on the personal or private level by new mystery cults coming out of the Middle East (Mithraism, for example, with its bloody sacrifices of bulls and intimations of salvation) and on the public lev-

THE NEW REPUBLIC
SUBSCRIBER SERVICE

ADDRESS CHANGE?

If you plan to change your address please give us 4 weeks notice. We can handle this change most efficiently if you follow the instructions below:

1. Send us the mailing label on the front of this magazine to let us know your old address.
2. Write your new address below.
3. Mail this coupon to:
   THE NEW REPUBLIC
   P.O. Box 955
   Farmingdale, NY 11737

☐ Please send The New Republic to my new address:

Name (please print)

Address Apt. No.

City State Zip

To enter a new subscription or renew your current subscription, to order gift subscriptions or have your name removed from the TNR mailing list, please write to the address above.

PROBLEMS, COMPLAINTS?

If you have a subscription problem that needs to be solved or are unhappy with our service we want to know about it.

Please call one of our customer service representatives at: **800-645-9559**.

We can help you most efficiently if the mailing label from your latest issue is in front of you when you call.

If the problem concerns your payment, please have your canceled check in front of you so that we can solve the problem over the telephone.

800-645-9559

(NY residents call 800-732-9119)
(Call between 9:00-5:00, Eastern time, Monday-Friday in the continental U.S.)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

el with the formalized institution of a loyalty religion such as the imperial cult.

The worship of men, alive and dead, seemed to have clear affinities with extravagant forms of homage that could be detected in the Greek East before the foundation of the Roman Empire. It proved easy to accept the supercilious disparagement of Tacitus in referring to a tendency among the eastern peoples of the empire to "Greek adulation"—an unfortunate habit that the natives just could not rid themselves of. This was accordingly a habit that the Roman government was imagined to have tolerated in its own interest.

Political interpretation of the Roman imperial cult was something that most ancient historians found they could live with, despite minor disagreements. But the massive evidence for the cult and its enormous diffusion across the Roman Empire hardly seemed commensurate with so simplistic a view. Something more profound ought to have been going on to generate such an outpouring of energy in the promotion of this peculiar institution of the Roman world.

Ruler cult has never made anthropologists as uncomfortable as it has made ancient historians. But until now no historian of Rome has ever attempted to apply anthropological thinking to the rich material on the Roman imperial cult. In general, classical scholars have been reluctant to inform themselves about anthropology, despite the obvious links between the two disciplines. From Jane Harrison to the present, the number of classical scholars who have worked seriously with anthropological material could be counted on the fingers of one hand, and efforts to address the issues directly, as in Sally Humphreys's book, *Anthropology and the Greeks*, often proved to be a presentation of parallel materials rather than the fruitful infusion of one discipline into another. The same has been true in the application of sociological methods to classical studies, as advocated and exemplified in recent years by the provocative and stimulating work of Keith Hopkins. Until now the "blurring of genres," as Clifford Geertz has felicitously put it, had not really taken place as far as Greek and Roman history was concerned.

Simon Price's study of the Roman imperial cult in Asia Minor is, to my mind, the first wholly successful attempt to blend anthropology with ancient history. Price has wisely limited his investigation to Asia Minor, where the evidence is both abundant and relatively homogeneous. He does not, therefore, have to add to his analysis an assessment of major cultural differences such as would arise, for example, if he were also to consider the imperial cult in Syria or Egypt. It must be said that on the scholarly side Price commands his vast and difficult material flawlessly. In fact, as a work of reference of the most traditional kind, this book would deserve to be on any scholar's shelf. But that is the least of its merits. A totally original re-interpretation of the imperial cult in the light of anthropological thought and method, it is the first interpretation that really makes sense of this whole bizarre phenomenon. As a former adherent of the political interpretation of the cult, I have to confess that I felt the scales drop from my eyes when I read Price's book, and for the first time understood why the citizens of the Roman Empire did what they did in worshiping their rulers.

IT IS interesting to look back and to notice that even so revolutionary a thinker about the ancient world as G.E.M. de Ste Croix was unable to cope with the imperial cult when he discussed it in his recent book, *The Class Struggle in the Ancient World*. He could only say that because of the emphasis on the cult by Christian writers, who, of course, abhorred it, modern historians have tended to get the perspective wrong. But the simple fact is that the ancient evidence from the pagans themselves is far more eloquent even than

LONG ISLAND REAL ESTATE: GREAT NECK

First, the lawn. This time of day
the shade that carpets it blue
unrolls to the pool now floating
end-of-season apples—all this
was orchard once—but picture yourselves
ripely bobbing there, too. Their side
of the discreet hedge, neighbors follow suit.
Along summer evenings, you'll hear air
turn water—sprinklers' reliable rain,
play screams of swimmers teasing
the mockingbirds' copied, liquid notes.
We'll sell you a sense of island,
screened porch tacked to converted stables—
the mansion itself has gone to tracts—
from whose upper windows you can make out,
over the billows of trees, a strip of Sound,
not much compared to the turquoise belt
of pools the neighborhood sports
but if the wind is right the foghorn carries,
and fog you'll have paid for—as if through it,
dew beading on his brilliant shoes,
on a silver tray a man would bear
an invitation's white meat—you've read
your Fitzgerald. Girls like hothouse flowers.
Hothouse flowers. Fountains jazzily spilling.
One of champagne. A man burning a check good
for eight hundred thousand dollars, leaving
the room before paper's down to the ash
of fiction someone else cleans up.
An afternoon like this, when a fly weaves
at a window screen, you may think you smell horseflesh
but all of that's converted to this, ready
to be sold, and lucky for all of us.

DEBORA GREGER

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the denunciations of the Christians. Simon Price points out at the beginning of his book that the whole problem for modern historians has arisen not so much from the writings of the early Christians as from an unrecognized presumption of Christian values in the present.

He effectively challenges the very opposition of politics and religion that has formed the basis of traditional debates about the imperial cult, and he develops in the course of his book an intricate interweaving of political and religious life that removes any need to choose between religion and politics. Similarly he contests the opposition between public and private, and persuasively demonstrates that these categories, so important to Christians, were not meaningful to pagan citizens in the cities of the eastern Roman Empire. In the same vein he denies the opposition between religious and civic activities and demonstrates that the two were essentially part of the same fabric of life.

ABOVE ALL, by eradicating so many deeply rooted dichotomies in the traditional interpretations, Price illuminates the imperial cult as a nexus of elaborate and highly meaningful rituals whereby the subjects of the Roman Empire were able to represent to themselves, in their own terms, the power that controlled them. In this way they could accept imperial rule and make it a part of their own way of life. The success of Price's interpretation depends heavily upon his extensive use of the writings of Clifford Geertz and other leading anthropologists (but especially of Geertz), and it is due also to his broaching of questions that ancient historians have largely avoided. He investigates in detail the nature of imperial ceremonial, the significance of the dress and especially the headpieces that were worn in these ceremonials, the forms of the sacrifice, and even the types of animals sacrificed. By making use of this evidence he is able to apply categories of interpretation that are familiar to anthropologists from their observations in more primitive cultures. Price opens up as well the whole topic of space in the imperial cult: the design of sacred precincts, the structure of temples, and the movement of processions through the city. He shows that what an anthropologist needs to interpret the Roman imperial cult had been lurking there in the surviving material all along. Price owes a great deal not only to the anthropologists, but also to the scholarly oeuvre of the great French epigraphist, Louis Robert, without whose works Price could not even have started. But he speaks completely in his own voice. There is nothing imitative or derivative about his adaptation of the methods of others. This is a wholly independent achievement; it will undoubtedly be as important for anthropologists who have the patience to digest the classical material as for historians.

While enlarging on the significance of the imperial cult for the residents of Asia Minor (and making interesting observations about the largely urban character of the cult), Price is also alert to the initiatives taken by the Roman government. He stresses, for example, the role of the Roman governor in proposing that the new year in Asia Minor begin with the birthday of Augustus, and it is also clear that the central administration determined the representation of the emperor that was disseminated throughout the empire. Roman exploitation of the cult probably underlies Tacitus's patronizing expression, "Greek adulation," and raises the larger issue of Roman understanding of the cult. This is a matter with which Price is little concerned, although it might have been worth asking to what extent the Roman view was absorbed by at least some of the more internationally minded upper-class Greeks. The second-century traveler Pausanias, in a passage to which Price alludes without quoting, refers to the worship of the emperors as nothing more than flattery and rhetoric addressed to the ruling power.

PERHAPS the most striking example of Roman initiative in cult was the instant deification of the handsome youth Antinous after his death in the reign of Hadrian. Antinous had been what older textbooks used to call coyly the "favorite" of Hadrian, and in A.D. 130 he drowned in the Nile while accompanying the emperor on an Egyptian tour. To this day it remains unclear whether he simply slipped off the imperial boat by accident, threw himself off for some reason, or was thrown off as a sacrificial victim. It is clear, however, that Hadrian was infatuated with the boy, and his grief led his loyal subjects to institute cults of Antinous throughout the Roman Empire. In the case of one city in Greece, we are told explicitly that Hadrian asked for the establishment of the cult, and it may be presumed that he was responsible directly or indirectly for the establishment of many others. Except in a few cities, notably in Antinous's own birthplace in Asia Minor and in the city of Antinoöpolis that honored him in Egypt, the cult died out relatively soon after the death of Hadrian. The sycophantic nature of this outpouring of worship could scarcely be more apparent, and so it is too bad that Price does not give us an interpretation of this phenomenon within the broader context of the worship of emperors.

We have a new book on the Antinous theme, however, from Royston Lambert, under the rather silly title *Beloved and God*. It must be said that Lambert's book contains as complete a collection of evidence on the relationship between Hadrian and Antinous and the subsequent cult as can be found anywhere. But it also contains a great deal of groundless speculation and far too much misty-eyed prose about the love that dared not speak its name. It is no

Drawstring pants, tops, skirts & more. Timeless styles, gentle prices, in . . .
PURE COTTON
FREE CATALOG SWATCHES 50¢
Deva, a Cottage Industry
Box NRC5, Burkittsville, MD 21718
(301) 473-4900

HOW TO EXECUTE AN AGENCY

by E. Waterhouse Allen

Wicked, informed satire about Bureaucratic Types you should recognize! Distilled from 50 years work in human service agencies. 1st edit., $3.95.

BARK-BACK
P.O. Box 235, Glenshaw, PA 15116.

CALL FOR ANY CURRENT BOOK.

BOOK CALL™

1-800-255-2665

In Connecticut call 1-966-5470.
• Amex, MasterCard, Visa or check.
• We ship immediately, anywhere in the world. • Gift wrapping available. • Mail orders welcome.

59 Elm Street, New Canaan, CT 06840.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

secret nowadays that Hadrian was homosexual, and the response of the entire Roman Empire to the decease of Antinous would imply that the relationship between the emperor and the boy was no secret at the time.

In later years the Christian fathers were outraged by the divinization of a person who seemed to them nothing more than a male whore, and even in modern times the Antinous episode has provided grist for moralists. But the worship of Antinous, while it lasted and where it lasted, was no sham. The rituals at Antinoöpolis were the real thing, and the fascinating hieroglyphs on the obelisk that stood over the grave of Antinous bear witness to the prayers that were addressed to him, the dreams in which he gave guidance to the sick, and the rites by which he was worshiped. This obelisk, which stands today on the Monte Pincio in Rome, seems tantalizingly to hold the secret of Antinous's death. The hieroglyphs declare, "He received a command of the gods at the time of his demise." One wonders whether the boy turned to the tragically frequent adolescent act of suicide.

Lambert's book on Antinous is not very good, and in the 1980s there is scarcely need for further advocacy of the joys of pederasty (especially in a style more suited to the 1880s). But the case of Antinous is an important one in the history of cults in the Roman Empire. Let us hope that Simon Price, who has demonstrated in his new book his unrivaled mastery of the imperial cult, will one day offer us more than a few lines on the worship of Antinous. This young man seems to have represented an extension of the power of Hadrian himself and to have provided a means whereby the citizens of Rome's provinces could acquire a better comprehension of that enigmatic emperor. Through the cult of Antinous they appear to have shared his grief.

G. W. BOWERSOCK

G. W. Bowersock is a member of the Institute for Advanced Study in Princeton.

CHURLS JUST WANT TO HAVE FUN

Poisoned Ivy
by Benjamin Hart

(Stein and Day, 254 pp., $15.95)

Remember Ben Hart? In 1981 he made headlines when he was bitten by Sam Smith, a black administrator at Dartmouth College. Smith didn't like the paper Ben worked for, the *Dartmouth Review*, a right-wing student weekly which specializes in making fun of the school's black, feminist, and liberal activists—and which has been championed by such grown-up conservative figures as Jack Kemp and William Simon. Now Ben has written a book about being nipped by Smith, and other college experiences, and he's making headlines again. *Poisoned Ivy* has been lauded by Christopher Lehmann-Haupt in *The New York Times*, and even the liberal *Washington Post* gushed over Ben in a lengthy Style section profile.

Although *Poisoned Ivy* is a lively read, its prose is straight out of freshman English ("the Princeton linemen charged like wounded buffalo," "the crowd roared like a gasoline fire"). Moreover, its thesis—that Dartmouth's administration was "openly hostile toward American values" and persecuted the *Review* because it dared to stand up for Western culture and patriotism—is barely credible. It will seem even less honest to anyone casually familiar with the school. For example, Ben complains that Sam Smith was not disciplined by the school, while the *Review* was condemned in a faculty vote. He doesn't say that Smith got a criminal fine and probation. He also doesn't say that, just before the incident, the *Review* ran an article titled "Dis Sho' Ain't No Jive Bro'," which said, in part: "The 'ministration be slashin' dem free welfare lunches for us po' students. How we 'posed to be gettin' our GPAs up when we don't be havin' no food?" Ben's lucky a bite is all he got.

So why all the hoopla? According to the *Post's* Lloyd Grove, *Poisoned Ivy* gives eloquent voice to the new campus zeitgeist: "Hart speaks for a generation that—if you believe recent polls—may be nearly as conservative as he." God help us if this is true. Ben has all the pat, *Wall Street Journal* editorial page opinions on affirmative action, foreign policy, and economics that you'd expect from someone who seems to have used Reaganism as an intellectual crutch during a particularly insecure stage of his life. "It's all somehow connected," he muses in a moment of inspiration, "feminism, atheism, Marxism, liberalism, and unattractiveness." And that's not all. Ben's main beef against liberalism is that it's no fun. "Liberals are always in self-analysis," he told the *Post*. "You know, 'am I really a sexist?' Should my entire generation be forced to live out in a desert until we all die off, because there's no way we can get rid of the sexist attitudes in society? I think constant self-evaluation and self-psychoanalysis is kind of damaging—and really inhibiting."

By contrast, Ben writes, conservatism frees up lots of time for football ("There is something in this game of football that could unlodge a primitive spirit in a person, something that could not be discovered in a seminar"), "acquiring" girlfriends (Ben's interesting way of describing what happens between men and women; did he do any "merging" as well?), and pursuits like "William Tell," a frat game that involves balancing a beer can on a freshman's head and trying to knock it off with a beer keg. Is "William Tell" really sadistic? Don't even ask. You might wind up in a desert somewhere, waiting to die off.

Apparently Ben thinks he's discovered a new kind of conservatism—not Burkean austerity, but conservatism with a happy, human face. He sees himself as one of the bold "new revolutionaries" whose "weapons will not be pot, placards, riots, and a sloppy physical appearance [such a fastidious lad!], but ideas, wit, and creativity." In fact, Ben's philosophy is more like conservatism with an empty head, a prankster-ish brand of Yuppyism that is no more mature or reflective than yesterday's Yippyism. Consider how Ben and

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

friends reacted when Dartmouth's nuclear freeze groups staged a Veterans' Day antiwar rally on the Dartmouth Green. As Ben correctly notes, this was not the most tasteful way to commemorate the occasion. But instead of staging a counter-rally with their own speakers, the *Review* crowd met for brandy and cocktails, blaring John Philip Sousa marches from their dorm window to the Green below. Wit? Creativity? Really, for such people politics and political ideas seem quite incidental to the main job of life, which is to party. Go ahead then, Ben. Have a good time. But please, no more books about it, O.K.?

CHUCK LANE

Reconsideration: Michel Tournier

OGRES AND ORACLES

BY SVEN BIRKERTS

> The term *inversions*, so oddly used by sexologists to designate heteromorphous erotic practices, would certainly have delighted the Gnostics: was it not their aim, in this domain as in all others, to bring about a total inversion of values between man, his fellow-creatures, and the world?
> —Jacques Lecarriere, *The Gnostics*

ROGER SHATTUCK raised a few eyebrows not long ago when he announced that "the most exciting novelist now writing in French" was a man named Michel Tournier. It was a bold piece of advocacy for several reasons. On this side of the Atlantic, Tournier is virtually unknown. His novels have been published in small hardcover runs—mainly for the library market—and critical reception has been of the kind usually accorded to "interesting" but minor foreign imports. In France, however, where Tournier is known and read, the claim would probably have been construed by many as a calculated provocation. For in the eyes of the guardians of the French succession, Tournier is perverse, crypto-mystical, reactionary, and morally subversive.

What, after Sade, Huysmans, Artaud, Céline, and Genet, could possibly ruffle the celebrated French sangfroid? The homoeroticism? The eager fetishism—for shoe leather, hair clippings, excreta? Or could it be the strange temperature pattern of his prose, the way the mercury climbs whenever details of a primary nature are touched upon; when, say, Abel Tiffauges slowly licks the "swollen pulp" of a schoolmate's wound in *The Ogre*, or when the exquisite Fabienne "plops" a tapeworm in the midst of an aristocratic soiree in *Gemini*? These things might have something to do with Tournier's contested status. But the controversy goes deeper than mere kinkiness. Shattuck's estimate was not capricious: Tournier is one of the few novelists alive who deserves to be called "visionary." From one book to the next, he has been developing and extending a set of themes that are radically at odds with the common views of Western society. To the rationalist/Christian scheme he opposes a sensual Gnosticism; in the face of the "social contract" he flings an imperious, anarchic individualism. This is his real crime. In another age he would have been burned at the stake.

Friday or The Other Island (1967), Tournier's first novel, is relatively mild and playful in its heresies and is, for that reason, the most accessible of the four that have been translated. Already, though, the project of re-reading the world has been undertaken, and the key principles sketched: character as destiny, material reality as a Baudelairean "forest of symbols," the survival in the psyche of a lost wholeness, and the possibility given to the man of recovering this state through exceptional deeds of self-attainment. Mythic or textual reverberation is here, as in future novels, a crucial structural element.

Friday is Tournier's retelling of Defoe's *Robinson Crusoe*. Rather, it is a counterfugue to the original, a conversion of its solid substance into an airy parable of the spirit. The inversion is skillful. By turning the shipwreck into a stroke of destiny, Tournier turns the contingent life of Crusoe into the necessary life. From the moment of his awakening on the beach, his every step is toward the "real" Crusoe who has always been waiting inside.

Tournier's hero does things that Defoe's would never do. He suspends himself for days in warm mire; he conceives the fantastic notion that there is an animate and feminine "other island" beneath, or behind, the island he so doggedly cultivates; he lowers himself to the soil to make love to this entity and is only half-surprised when garish flowers grow up where he has left his seed. By the time Friday arrives, Crusoe is ready for complete transformation. And it is through his contact with the impulsive native, the tutelary spirit of The Other Island, that he reaches his apotheosis as the primal man, the sun-worshiping Adam who has learned to bear intact his original male-female "solar" sexuality.

IN ALL of Tournier's novels, man is presented as a being reft from some original unity, condemned to wander in a world where the order of things has been scrambled and ciphered, as if by some calculating archfiend. But like the Gnostics, Tournier believes that a gleam of the pure light is still buried in our being. By this light one can make out the guiding signs, possibly even discover what pattern they make. There is no place for social order in this—social order is the very paradigm of the fallen condition. Only the private sense of destiny, the obscure proddings of self-intuition, can be relied upon.

Friday, translated by Norman Denny (Pantheon, 240 pp., $7.95, paper)

The Ogre, translated by Barbara Bray (Pantheon, 373 pp., $8.95, paper)

Gemini, translated by Anne Carter (Doubleday, 452 pp., $14.95)

The Four Wise Men, translated by Ralph Manheim (Vintage/Aventurra, 255 pp., $8.95, paper)

The Fetishist, translated by Barbara Wright (Doubleday, 212 pp., $13.95)

Sven Birkerts, who lives in Cambridge, Massachusetts, currently teaches expository writing at Harvard University.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

January 3, 1938. You are an ogre, Rachel used to say to me sometimes. An ogre? A fabulous monster emerging from the mists of time? Well, yes, I do think there's something magical about me, I do think there's a secret collusion, deep down, connecting what happens to me with what happens in general, and enabling my particular history to bend the course of things in its own direction.

This astonishing confession begins the tale of Abel Tiffauges, *The Ogre*. From the first we are asked to accept the convergence of private self and outer world and to stand in the shower of portents and symbols that marks Tiffauges's "particular history." We are a long way from Crusoe's island: the track of Tiffauges's destiny will carry him down through the rings of a symbolist's inferno and into the sulfurous maw of Nazi Germany.

Tiffauges is the proprietor of an auto garage in Paris. When a shop accident one day incapacitates his right hand, he discovers that he can write a perfectly fluent but very different script with his left. What's more, the discovery prompts, *compels* him to set down his reflections and memories. The "accident," like Crusoe's shipwreck, signals the eruption of a hitherto buried identity.

IT IS impossible to record here the subtlety and intricacy with which outer and inner events are spun together, for it is Tiffauges's special bent to ponder every detail until its larger significance declares itself. With the liberation of his left, "sinister," side, his past has come to life. He remembers everything: his miserable childhood at St. Christopher's School, the punishments and bullyings he suffered; the unexpected intercession of Nestor, the janitor's son; the boiler-room explosion in which Nestor died. . . . Tiffauges suddenly recalls how Nestor used to insist upon holding his left hand while they sat together at the back of the class. Could it be that his guardian has come back to direct his life? Pondering that enigma, Tiffauges gets the first inklings of his "phoric" (from the Greek, *pherein*: to carry) vocation.

Already this sounds like enough to perplex all but the hardiest of cabalists—it is just the beginning. With the "phoric" thread in hand, Tiffauges goes fishing. He recounts to himself the legend of the school's patron saint, Christopher (Christo-phoros: Christ-bearer), how the river rose around the giant Canaanite while the child on his back "weighed as heavy as lead." The tale merges with his memories of Nestor to become a vivid self-premonition: "carrying" will in some way figure into his yet unknown mission.

The fascination of Tiffauges's ruminations derives from his absolute conviction that life is an arcane puzzle and that these most unlikely insights and connections are essential to the solution. Sure enough, the day comes when his speculations are galvanized by the real. When one of his mechanics is wounded by a flying blade, Tiffauges hurries over; as he lifts up the young man's body he is transfixed by a "phoric ecstasy." At a stroke his course is revealed to him: he must tear down his illusory existence and replace it with another. He must, henceforth, follow the tumult of his strange inclinations.

THE OGRE is in many ways a shapeless book. Its narrative hews to the logic of obsession, private and, later, collective. We follow along as Tiffauges abandons, stage by stage, all belief in volition, until he finally obeys only the configuration of events and his reading of signs. When he discovers, for instance, that he is stirred by the innocence of children, he spends whole days lurking in schoolyards with a camera. At night, alone in his apartment, he searches among the snaps of faces for a hint about the reality he seeks. Staring at the negatives in their bath, Tiffauges starts to contemplate the principle of inversion, how "in a naked body . . . the parts which are softest and pearliest in reality . . . appear darkest and murkiest." The idea of reversed values provokes him—he cannot say why exactly—and he adds it to his interpretive kit bag.

Tiffauges's peregrinations have their consequences. A young girl that he has befriended is raped, and through a "malign inversion" (he has discovered that there are different kinds of reversals), Tiffauges, connoisseur of the innocence and joy of children, is charged with the ultimate desecration. He is strangely calm. According to his reading of things, some frightful retribution must fall upon his accusers.

The retribution is the war. Tiffauges is released without trial and sent to the front—"to get a bayonet stuck through (the) . . . gizzard." From this point on the strands of private and collective obsession will be tightly plaited. As Stendhal registered the uncontrollable surges of war through the eyes of his Fabrizio in *The Charterhouse of Parma*, so Tournier refracts everything through the symbol-hunting passion of his "ogre." Tiffauges is captured by the Germans, and after all kinds of uncanny experiences he ends up working in Kaltenborn, a training center for Nazi youth. Volunteering as a recruiter, he prowls the countryside on his black steed, searching out the finest blond specimens. Each "find" grants a new ecstasy. The youths are going to certain death, Tiffauges knows that, but his "eu-phoria" will not be suppressed. He is living out the dark lines of Goethe's "Erl King": "Who rides so late through the night and the wind?/It is the father with his child . . ."

Just days before Kaltenborn is overrun by the advancing Russian army, Tiffauges finds a starving child in the woods: Ephriam, a refugee from Auschwitz. He is the sliver of light that has passed through darkness, the being that has proved miraculously impervious to evil. Ephriam mutters gnomic biblical pronouncements while Tiffauges carries him around on his back. And when the Russians break through, the two escape into the night. However, it is not until they are crossing a vast swamp that Tiffauges realizes that his mission is finished. He feels the elfin rider get heavier and heavier as legends and signs converge in his being. He pushes on—for "all was as it should be." When he looks up for the last time, he sees only "a six-pointed star turning slowly against the black sky."

THE OGRE has been reviled both for its attentiveness to the unseemly—the book is full of anatomical fetishism, prolonged caresses, coprological excitements—and its cool, unflinching depiction of Tiffauges as a Nazi yes-man. Tournier plunges his ogre into a hell, but the fellow flourishes, witnessing and enacting horrors with little trace of remorse. But to interpret this as authorial sanction is foolish. *The Ogre* is a Gnostic fable. It may be peculiar, but it is redemptive as well. For the whole to succeed, Tiffauges must be fully immersed in the corrupted element—only then can he achieve his apotheosis. As Dante had to penetrate to the deepest cavity of hell before he could pass through Lucifer's thighs and see the stars again, so Tiffauges must bear the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

growing weight of Ephriam right into death before he can see the symbolic triumph of spirit.

WITH *Gemini* (1975), Tournier took his obsessions in new directions. Destinies and mysteries of inversion were still dominant, but the field of research was now that of human identity. The tale of the perfect geminate pair, Jean and Paul, is played off against the bizarre homosexual adventures of their uncle, Alexandre. The plot instigates and survives every kind of improbability: Alexandre, president of TURDCO, an enormous refuse-collection empire, investigates the deep symbolic secrets of garbage; Paul circles the world in quest of his lost twin, self-consciously replicating the travels of Verne's Phileas Fogg. Pattern folds into pattern until the most provocative ideas come to life. The divided twins become the drifting halves of the sacred whole that Diotima described in *The Symposium*. Alexandre's priapic sea.ch becomes the reverse of Jean's, its profanation. And so on. On the surface we see the deft play of mirrors; at the root we are caught up in an interrogation of the foundations of the psyche. Tournier is interested above all in locating the source of the primal imbalance that sponsors our relentless bonding and mating. Like Crusoe's "solar sexuality," the idea of the lost twin becomes a mythic strand in Tournier's separatist cosmology.

What *does* the author finally believe? What is the basis of his vision of destinies? The spiritual need is certainly at the core of each of the novels: we are always hovering on the brink of hidden orders, superior realities, transcendent states. But for all that, there is little that refers to any orthodoxy, even such as the Gnostics—in spite of their hatred of orthodoxy—might have unwittingly held. Christian allusions abound, but invariably they seem to be more a part of a mythic substratum than hints of a proffered solution. *The Four Wise Men*, the fourth of Tournier's novels, hardly dissolves this impression of heterogeneous spiritual drives.

In *The Four Wise Men* (1980), Tournier presents us with yet another retelling. This time he has adapted the Bible story of the journey of the Magi, refurbishing it completely with the addition of an apocryphal fourth traveler. With his singular narrative gifts, he animates a time and place and brings to life four very different—and very troubled—men. Three of them are driven by uncanny twists to follow "the comet with the golden tail," and they converge upon the manger in Bethlehem. The fourth, Prince Taor, is a spoiled innocent who has set off with a fleet of ships to find the recipe for *rahat loukoum*—"Turkish delight"—to appease his mania for sweets. But as the Bible teaches: the last shall be first. It is Taor-the-purehearted who, after the most awful calamities, after 30 years of servitude in the salt mines at Sodom, finds his way to the site of the Last Supper. Crazed with hunger and thirst, almost dead from his ordeals, Taor stands over the table. He has come too late. Christ and the disciples have left. In despair, he takes a crust of bread and drinks from a goblet:

> Then he toppled forward, but he did not fall. The two angels who had been watching over him since he left the salt mines, gathered him into their great wings. The night sky opened, revealing a sea of light, and into it they bore the man who, having been last, the eternal latecomer, had just been the first to receive the Eucharist.

This is as subversive as it is spiritual. Is Tournier making sport, playing versions on a sacred text, or is he trying to shake the scales from our eyes, to make us see the grace embedded in the rough matter of creation? Is he mocking or pointing? How we answer will depend largely upon how skewed or straight we believe the order of things to be.

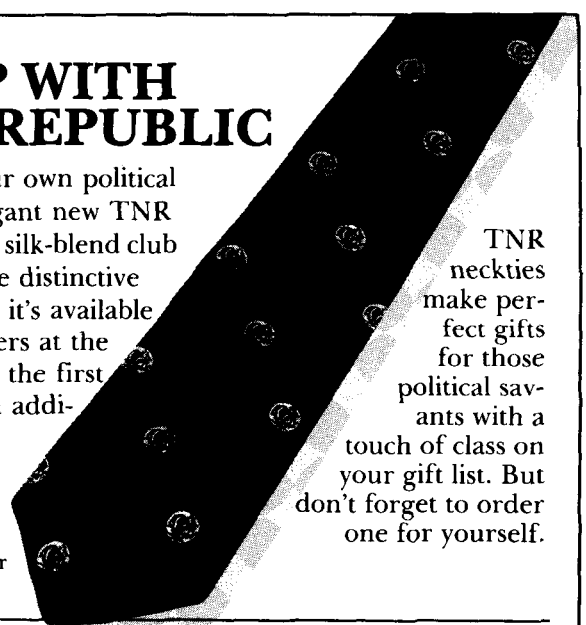
There is much to question in Tournier's enterprise, and many, out of refinement or faith, will not approve it. But I can think of nothing that matches the verve and daring of these imaginings. They open the sluices wide to the unconscious materials that are the very stuff of art's pity and terror. His way of transforming these into the legends of spirit restores to the novel a sense of "high stakes" that has long been missing.

There are signs that Tournier may yet find an American readership. *The Ogre*, *The Four Wise Men*, and *Gemini* have recently been reissued, and *Friday* will be shortly. Now with the publication of *The Fetishist*, a collection of Tournier's stories, the statistical odds are further improved. Indeed, here is the perfect back-door entry for latecomers. As oddly angled as anything by Tournier,

TIE UP WITH THE NEW REPUBLIC

Now you can make your own political statement with our elegant new TNR necktie. This navy blue, silk-blend club tie is patterned with the distinctive TNR ship in silver and it's available exclusively to our readers at the low price of $19.95 for the first tie and $16.95 for each additional tie. (Postage and handling included.)

Complete the coupon below and mail it today. Sorry, quantities are limited, so please order now to avoid disappointment.



TNR neckties make perfect gifts for those political savants with a touch of class on your gift list. But don't forget to order one for yourself.

THE NEW REPUBLIC NECKTIE
1220 19th St., N.W. Washington, D.C. 20036

Please send me _____ ties. Total enclosed $_____
I have enclosed $19.95 for my first tie and $16.95 for each additional tie ordered.

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____ APT. #_____

CITY_____ STATE_____ ZIP_____

Check or money-order must accompany each order. Allow 2-4 weeks for delivery.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

these stories progress in vivid flashes and have little of the recondite speculation that makes the novels at times forbidding.

Tournier has a way of tricking us into the realm of the perverse. We accept and absorb some deviant tic, our curiosity is piqued—and then, all at once, we are caught up in the strange logic of compulsion. In "Veronica's Shrouds," for instance, a photographer with a professional interest in a young man's torso is gradually revealed to have a vampire instinct—image by image she is robbing her subject of identity. When the possibilities of the lens have been exhausted, she turns to other expedients. Too bizarre even to summarize, every one of these 14 stories in some way extends Tournier's Gnostic attack on order. He manipulates relentlessly the anxieties with which we surround the taboo. Where we repress, he exalts. Where we discern only darkness, he finds illumination. By flipping the underside of the psyche up into the light, he achieves the desired inversion—we stare at the world as if it were a negative that has yet to be printed.

CORRESPONDENCE, *from page 2*

dence that their methods alone improve their patients. Neither could the priests of medieval times prove scientifically that the confessions they heard really enhanced the spiritual lives of their parishoners. As long as "psyche" suggests "mind" or "soul" rather than "brain," we are left with confirmatory evidence of the "self-certifying" hermeneutical variety: the sort of proof we adduce to demonstrate that reading *Paradise Lost* (or even *Civilization and its Discontents*) has made us better persons. Such proof, as Crews would presumably agree, is by no means wholly negligible.

The success of Freudian theories is due partly to Freud's having accidentally dressed deeply meaningful explanations for human motivation in quasi-scientific terms. In clinical terms, this was generally wrong; in neuroscientific terms he may yet have been right. Meanwhile, he continues to be a cohesive explicator of human experience.

TOM MCBRIDE
Beloit, Wisconsin

THE NEW REPUBLIC'S BEST BOOKS

Following is a list of books TNR *has recently reviewed and recommends.*

Willowbrook Wars: A Decade of Struggle for Social Change by David J. Rothman and Sheila M. Rothman (Harper & Row). A chronicle of the political and legal skirmishes surrounding one case at the heart of the de-institutionalization controversy. (Reviewed 2/4/85)

White Noise by Don DeLillo (Viking). A novel of fear and trembling and technology in Middle America. (2/4/85)

Equal Distance by Brad Leithauser (Knopf). An accomplished first novel about young Americans in Japan. (1/21/85)

German Big Business and the Rise of Hitler by Henry Ashby Turner Jr. (Oxford University Press). A surprising study of how little the Nazis owed to the capitalists. (1/21/85)

The Second Industrial Divide: Possibilities for Prosperity by Michael J. Piore and Charles Sabel (Basic). An original and illuminating account of a turning point in our industrial economy. (1/7&14/85)

The Burn by Vassily Aksyonov (Random House). An epic portrait of the surreal and, alas, so real, landscape of Soviet life. (12/31/84)

Zhou Enlai: A Biography by Dick Wilson (Viking). The mixed career of Mao's closest comrade. (12/3/84)

Family Dancing by David Leavitt (Knopf). A collection of well-paced portraits of family life from a new writer. (12/24/84)

Churchill and Roosevelt: The Complete Correspondence by Warren F. Kimball (Princeton University Press). World War II, as witnessed and waged by two great leaders and good friends. (12/24/84)

Slavery and Human Progress by David Brion Davis (Oxford University Press). A meditation on the morals and methods of studying slavery. (11/26/84)

PUT A TAX ON APARTHEID

To the editors:

A recent editorial ("Apartheid's Apologists," TNR, January 7 & 14) suggested an economic boycott as a way to exercise leverage on South Africa. While still the principal proposal in the U.S. anti-apartheid movement, it gets mixed reviews among South African blacks. Here is a simple alternative. Give tax deductions instead of tax credits for income earned by U.S. firms in South Africa. Tax credits make taxes paid to the South African government by U.S. firms free. Tax deductions would push U.S. firms to demand tax abatements, or leave. This could be stiffened by eliminating the deferral provision as well (so taxes would be paid as the liability accrued, not when the income was repatriated). This would nullify the manipulations of transfer pricing. These measures could be tied to the Sullivan principles (you get credit for good behavior). This approach targets U.S. firms and the South African government (and its revenues), not employment.

VINCE EAGAN
Atlanta, Georgia

CAN'T PLEASE EVERYBODY

To the editors:

Before venting my annoyance at TNR's political philosophy, I want to assure you that my subscription is a gift and that I would not subscribe out of preference. Your repeated diatribes against Israel are obnoxious and wearisome. What motivated this letter was TRB's characterization of Sharon as "one of the world's most odious characters" ("How Time Flies," TNR, January 21). Sharon has not been an oppressor or a murderer. What charge does TRB lay against Sharon? That he entered Lebanon? But has TRB ever lived in an environment where his life and the lives of his family were in jeopardy? What does he know that he dares to condemn a man who may not be appealing personally but who has fought to insure freedom and safety for his people? "Odious," he calls Sharon! Did Sharon seek to cut welfare funds for mothers and children and old people? Hasn't TRB ever heard of Pinochet, Marcos, Arafat, Assad, and Ayatollah Khomeini, to mention but a few? Does he really mean to include Sharon in this crowd?

SYLVIA DAY
Woodstock, New York

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WASHINGTON DIARIST

Public Pleas

THERE ARE 2,000 black Jews stranded in the Sudan and another 6,000 still in Ethiopia, their imminent journey to Israel interrupted because neither the regime in Khartoum nor the one in Addis Ababa can be seen cooperating publicly with Zionists, even if the cooperation is purely humanitarian. Teddy Kollek, the mayor of Jerusalem, thought Jesse Jackson might be somehow able to help extricate these folk from their imprisonment. If Jackson, who has put himself in the business of public rescue, were to succeed it certainly would reduce the hostility felt toward him by Jews and others who don't like anti-Semitism. So Kollek cabled Jackson and asked for help. That much was in the papers. What was not in the papers was Jackson's response, which was shameless. In a phone call to Kollek, Jackson explained that he had some questions and some conditions. Would the Ethiopian Jews serve in the Israeli army and become a "military asset"? And might not some of the new citizens of Israel settle on the West Bank? Alas, the answer to both of these questions would have to be "Yes." None of this makes Jesse Jackson very happy; he might be more eager to redeem Jews if they would forswear defending their homeland. And, oh yes, Jackson had one more stipulation: before he'd consider doing anything, the prime minister of Israel would have to make a public plea for his intervention. How can someone who traffics so callously in the oppression of one group speak compellingly for the freedom of another?

I HAVE MY DIFFERENCES with Jeane Kirkpatrick, some of them quite serious. Her view of the Falklands war was, I thought, idiosyncratic at best. Still, I cannot quite understand why she has become the most demonized figure in the Reagan administration. One reason, however, is clear to me: she is probably more powerful than any other woman to hold public office in our history. Many men, even very liberal men, cannot yet reconcile themselves to a woman so forceful and influential. With feminist women something else is at stake: they much resent the rise of a woman who does not share most of contemporary feminism's received opinions. Moreover, she got her job because of some things she had written, and nothing else. Now that Kirkpatrick's service at the U.N. is just about up, you'd expect the usual spate of articles about how the United States fared at the U.N. under her tenure. Maybe there were several such pieces, but I've seen just one, by William Korey in *The Wall Street Journal* of January 14. Korey's piece demonstrates just how effective Kirkpatrick has been. She has consummated a process, begun by Pat Moynihan but interrupted by the ever-accommodating Andrew Young, making clear that false witness against this country in U.N. resolutions will be neither rewarded nor conciliated. Some of the hardy anti-U.S. perennials are no longer even being introduced. This accomplishment, among others, is not likely to be widely noticed by her antagonists. Still, what has drawn most fire to Kirkpatrick are her views on Central America. There has been an epidemic of Kirkpatrick-baiting in these pages in recent months, but enough is enough. In a review of *Salvador Witness*, a biography of Jean Donovan, one of the four American women killed by Salvadoran death squads in December 1980, my colleague Jeff Morley casts Donovan's death as a morality tale of "Jean vs. Jeane." It could only be done at the price of distorting Kirkpatrick's views. Morley gives a tendentious reading of one of her papers, making it seem as though she honors the Salvadoran death squads. This is pernicious nonsense. Inconvenient as it may be to recall, Kirkpatrick was already then an ally of José Napoleón Duarte and of Salvadoran and American land-reform activists associated with the AFL-CIO. (In fact, two of her comrades, Michael Hammer and Mark Pearlman, were killed by the death squads.) What Kirkpatrick was trying to explain, albeit in somewhat numbing academic prose, was that left-wing terror and destabilization often do make "the people" regard the likes of d'Aubuisson and his terrorist predecessors as heroes. It is a tragedy, but it is so.

EVER SINCE Robert Maynard Hutchins became president of the University of Chicago in 1929, the institution has been known for its intellectual daring, academic rigor, and cultural bohemianism. It was also thought quite haughty, or at least the undergraduate college was. I was there last week to deliver a John M. Olin Lecture on the "Theory and Practice of Democracy," a mouthful which implies not only a formal presentation, but also a seminar and a dinner with the faculty. Chicago is no longer either haughty, if it ever was, or bohemian. I've not seen more well-kempt or any better-kempt young people at a university since I came to Harvard in the late fifties, when a man wouldn't be served his lunch unless he was wearing coat and tie. I can't judge about the daring: U. of C. is, after all, still the headquarters of General Education, an idea whose time had past and has now come again. But there's no doubt the place is still rigorous, at least for its guests. This year the lecture series is devoted to religion and politics, and I speculated on the prospects of, and dangers to, pluralism. There wasn't a question asked, a demurrer uttered, or even some point of agreement stated that wasn't both intellectually and morally serious. There was, though, one intervention from the floor which, were it not for a firm and wry chairman, would have gone on for hours. With some urgency in her voice, a young lady asked me whether TNR would continue, in conspiracy with Katharine Graham and Henry Kissinger, to sabotage America's strategic defenses and leave us open to a Russian first strike. How do you respond to a crackpot? Some of her colleagues, acolytes of Lyndon LaRouche, pressed their paranoid papers into the hands of the entering audience. Not much solidarity with *New Solidarity* at Chicago; but these folk are unfazed. They are true believers. Or are they robots? They're the cranks you see at the airport, urging you to "feed Jane Fonda to the whales." Very funny. Have you ever seen any one of them smile?

M.P.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TAKE ANY 3 FOR 99¢ EACH

(First price is publishers' list.
Boldface shows Members' Price.)

(values up to $110.00 with Trial Membership)

EMPIRES AND THEIR LEGACIES

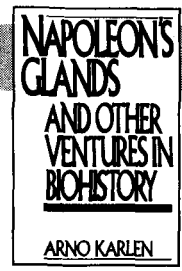
3012. **The Bible As History.** *By Werner Keller.* $14.95/**$10.95**

6387. **Kings And Vikings: Scandinavia And Europe A.D. 700-1100.** *By P.H. Sawyer.* $14.95/**$11.50**

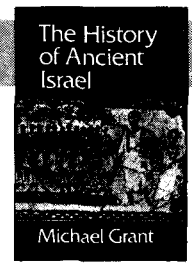
1263. **A History Of The Ostrogoths.** *By Thomas S. Burns.* Relates the story of a ruthless, Germanic tribe who shook the very foundations of the Roman Empire. $19.95/**$14.50**

8490. **The Indian Frontier Of The American West, 1846-1890.** *By Robert M. Utley.* $19.95/**$13.95**

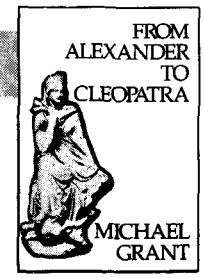
1859. $15.00/**$10.50**



1982. $15.95/**$13.50**



8474. $19.95/**$14.50**



5736. $19.95/**$13.95**

STATESMEN, GENERALS & THE RULING CLASS

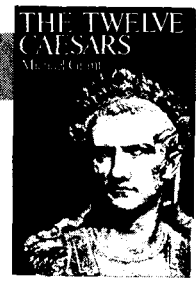
7187. **Eleanor Of Aquitaine And The Four Kings.** *By Amy Kelly.* $20.00/**$14.50**

4952. **Robin Hood.** *By J.C. Holt.* $17.95/**$12.50**

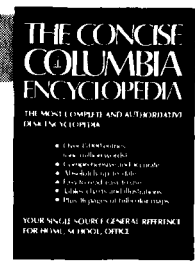
1529. **In The Presence Of The Creator: Isaac Newton And His Times.** *By Gale E. Christianson.* $27.50/**$18.50**

6155. **Keepers Of The Keys: A History Of The Popes From St. Peter To John Paul II.** *By Nicolas Cheetham.* $19.95/**$14.50**

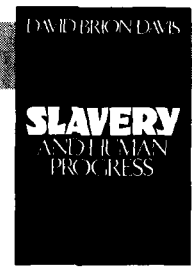
6668. **Disraeli.** *By Sarah Bradford.* Weaves together the elements that made up Disraeli, Queen Victoria's favorite Prime Minister. $19.95/**$13.95**



5652. $15.95/**$10.95**



A8102. $29.95/**$19.95**
(counts as two of your three selections)



1578. $25.00/**$17.00**

1503. $16.95/**$12.95**

TIMELESS ISSUES & CONTEMPORARY TRENDS

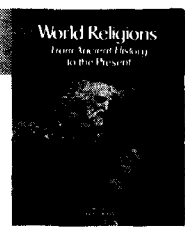
1453. **The Perspective Of The World: 15th-18th Century (Civilization and Capitalism, Vol. III).** *By Fernand Braudel.* $35.00/**$18.50**

4911. **The Structures Of Everyday Life: The Limits Of The Possible, 15th-18th Century (Civilization And Capitalism, Vol. I).** *By Fernand Braudel.* $31.95/**$15.50**

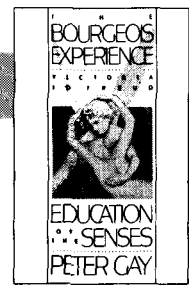
6833. **The Name Of The Rose.** *By Umberto Eco.* $15.95/**$11.95**

6239. **The Wheels Of Commerce: 15th-18th Century (Civilization And Capitalism, Vol. II).** *By Fernand Braudel.* $35.00/**$15.95**

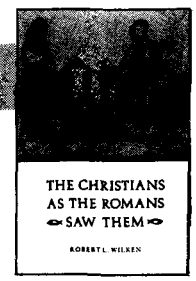
1206. $29.95/**$19.95**



8649. $29.95/**$16.95**



8110. $25.00/**$16.50**



8524. $17.95/**$12.95**

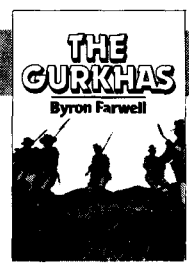
THE WARRING WORLD

8581. **Somme.** *By Lyn Macdonald.* Full of little-known episodes and telling details about this tragic WWI battle. $19.95/**$14.50**

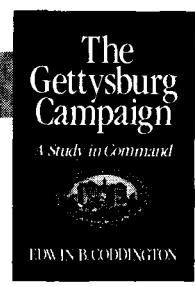
7849. **The Napoleonic Wars: An Illustrated History, 1792-1815.** *By Michael Glover.* $22.50/**$12.95**

8268. **The Making Of The New Deal: The Insiders Speak,** *Ed. by Katie Louchheim.* $20.00/**$14.00**

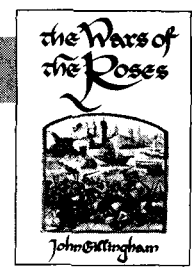
8284. **The Devil's Horsemen: The Mongol Invasion Of Europe.** *By James Chambers.* $11.95/**$8.95**



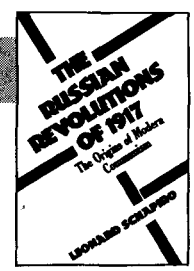
8508. $17.95/**$12.95**



8862. $40.00/**$22.95**



4820. $20.00/**$13.50**



1479. $19.95/**$13.95**

Save on the best recent history titles. Including this Introductory Offer, you can save more than 50%, during your initial Trial Membership, on some of the finest history books being published today. Our list covers a wide variety of topics, such as American personalities, Civil War, European history, science and religious thought.

We don't sacrifice quality. The History Book Club always offers its members quality publishers' editions, never "economy" reprints. All our books are available to members at truly substantial savings.

Choose any 3 for 99¢ each. Simply select any three books shown on this page—for just 99¢ each when you take a fourth book at the low Members' Price. Every month you will be able to choose additional selections from the 150 to 200 books described in the Club's magazine. You need take only four more selections during the next two years, always at the low Members' Price. Once you have completed your initial membership, you can qualify for additional savings through Bonus Books that you can select from our entire list.

How the Club Works: Every four weeks (13 times a year), you will receive our *Review* and a dated reply card. If you want the Editors' Choice, do nothing—the book will come automatically. If you want another book, or no book at all, return the card by the date specified. (Book shipments will be charged to your account at low Members' Prices, plus postage and packing.)

If you should get an unwanted book because you had less than 10 days to decide, you may return it and pay nothing. We guarantee postage.

NU15SK

THE HISTORY BOOK CLUB, *Dept. N,*
40 Guernsey Street, Box 790, Stamford, CT 06904-0790

Please enroll me as a Trial Member and send me the four books whose numbers I have entered below. Bill those on the left at 99¢ each and the fourth at the low Members' Price, plus postage and packing.

I may return the books within three weeks at your expense and owe nothing. Or, I will buy four more selections within the next two years *(not including my choices above).* Membership is cancellable anytime thereafter. All Club purchases are at low Members' Prices, and a postage-and-packing fee is added to all shipments. NU-15SK

Print Name

Address Apt. #

City State Zip

In Canada: Mail to U.S. Address

THE HISTORY BOOK CLUB

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED